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PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE FIGHTING AROUND MANILA

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THE TRUE JEFFERSONIAN SIMPLICITY—MR. BRYAN HAS A LITTLE DINNER OF HIS OWN.

DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS.

Harper's Weekly

(*TWENTY-EIGHT PAGES*)

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Currency and Banking

So long as the Democratic national machine, whose chief spokesman is William J. Bryan, is in favor of the free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1, that issue is not dead. It is probably true that the popular sentiment for free coinage is not for the moment nearly so active and warm as it was in 1896. The farming communities of the West have greatly prospered since the last Presidential contest. When Mr. Franklin Matthews visited the agricultural States as the representative of Harper's Weekly, his glowing accounts of the bettering of the material condition of the farmers, and of the sudden accession of wealth which the big crops of 1897 had brought to them, were seriously questioned by some of our Eastern newspapers. But now it is generally admitted that the stories which a year ago seemed fabulous are true; that the agricultural States owe much less than they did, and have a nest-egg laid away besides.

Desertions from the ranks of the silver cause have also been numerous and important. Ex-Governor Boies of Iowa led the way in declaring that the attempt to elect a President on the 16-to-1 issue was absurd, and that the issue should be abandoned for something more fundamental and essential. Mr. E. C. Wall, long the Wisconsin member of the Democratic National Committee, and one of the ablest and shrewdest political observers and leaders of the West, has followed, and many others have joined these two, and are continuing to join them. On the naked issue of free coinage at 16 to 1 there is no doubt that the cheap-money men would be defeated to-day, and it is absolutely impossible to reconcile Bryan's assertion of his issue as the mainstay of his own and his party's campaign with the theory that he is a shrewd politician, unless it be that he is playing for the future. He is certainly young enough to wait. But Bryan controls the Democratic machine, and the organization seems determined to follow him, and to insist on an acceptance of the financial plank of the Chicago platform as the test of right even to membership in the Democratic party. Moreover, the Chicago platform has other planks which are dear to socialists and to sincere and reasonable enemies of centralized power and of trusts; and, in addition, the silver men, if they really compel the adoption of their favorite issue, will be aided and strengthened by many strong anti-imperialists, some of whom are Republicans, who are firmly convinced that imperialism will injure the country more seriously, because the injury will be permanent, than a temporary experience with silver monometallism. However that may be, so long as Bryan and the Democratic organization keep the silver question to the front there is danger from it, a danger which ought to be recognized by all who remember the 6,000,000 of votes which Bryan received in 1896, and who are looking squarely in the face present political complications, not only those resulting from the war with Spain, from its taxation, from its scandals, from the testimony in the beef inquiry, from expansion, from the consequent war against the Filipinos, from the terrible scourge of disease already recognized as the new threat to the country from Mr. McKinley's new policy, but those coming from the absolute neglect of the Republican majority in Congress to keep the promise of currency reform in consequence of which Mr. McKinley's election was secured.

The real danger in the currency situation, so far as it concerns politics, is that existing conditions are temporary. The currency question has not died out, and its advocates are not only keeping it prominent, but are successful in raising campaign funds for the purpose of carrying on their propaganda. They know well enough that while they would probably be defeated on the straight issue to-day, or probably next year, not only are these issues to aid them, but that the causes which gave its enormous popularity to the 16-to-1 theory continue to exist. They are only inoperative at present, because nature has been unusually kind to the farmer and has made him rich. He is no longer under the yoke of the creditor, while the price of wheat has been so high as to make freight charges, which once seemed extortionate, a matter of very little concern to him. But the farmer will not always have large crops, and there is bound to come a time when he will be again pinched for money. Then the country will find him once more crying out for cheap money, either in the form of 50-cent dollars, or, what is more likely, in the form of abundant and irredeemable paper.

What the farmer will want then, however, as what he really wanted in 1893 and the years that followed, will be an easier access to money, and not cheap money. He will want better banking facilities, and apparently that is not what he is likely to get if we are to judge of the future from the present conduct of the bankers themselves. The average cheap-money man really needs to be taught the place occupied by private checks in the transaction of business, and in order to teach him the fundamental truth that about ninety per cent. of the commercial transactions of the civilized world are carried on by the medium of these instruments, he must be brought into contact with banks, and become a customer and beneficiary of them. It is an important fact that in the last Presidential election the wheat-growing counties of the West where banking facilities were abundant gave majorities for McKinley, whereas Bryan's strength was almost entirely in the counties lacking these facilities. At present there are large areas in the wheat and cotton growing sections of the country where the farmer or planter sees very little money, and where he is practically at the mercy of the first buyer who happens along with cash. He takes the low price that is offered to him, and is ready to believe that it would be higher if money were cheaper. If he sought the privileges of a bank of issue and discount, he would not seek the remedy suggested to him by Harvey and Bryan. Indeed, there would probably be no Harvey or Bryan.

In view of the necessity of spreading banking privileges, the recent action of the Clearing House in New York ordering all its members to charge for the collection of checks is deplorable. The petty spirit of retail trade in drafts is probably at the bottom of the order, but this is not the essential objection to the movement to impose a burden upon private checks. All the commercial interests of the country are deeply concerned in popularizing the employment of checks, and the great reform to be accomplished in our banking legislation is to be the establishment of branch banks in places where banks are now almost unknown. When this reform is accomplished, as it may be after a few more political promise-breakers are defeated, checks should pass from end to end of the country untaxed for the cost of collection. The action of the New York Clearing House discredits this form of token money, and complicates and embarrasses the movement to secure currency reform. It is said that all the banks together have lost from $1,500,000 to $2,000,000 a year by not charging for collecting out-of-town checks. But, on the other hand, what of the profits which have been made through the increase of business resulting from making business between distant points easier of transaction? And what of the money question itself? If we are to settle this question by getting it out of politics, it must be through the banks, by the establishment of branch banks; and nothing that has been done of recent years—we are not speaking now of what the politicians have left undone—has so materially injured the cause of currency reform as the action of the New York Clearing House in discrediting checks by taking out-of-town checks from the list of current funds that may pass from hand to hand like money.

It is becoming more and more essential every day to settle the future relations of the United States with the Philippines. Not only should the killing of the Filipinos be stopped—it is estimated that we have already killed more than the Spaniards murdered in their 350 years of misrule—but our troops should be withdrawn from the islands, where, if they remain through the rainy season, a large percentage of them must die from climatic fevers and from horrible diseases, already spreading through the army to an alarming extent. Mr. McKinley himself is reported to be again uncertain, and we are sure that, keeping his ear to the ground, he is hearing strange voices from the West, which tell quite a different story from that which he heard at the tail of his car as he made his way to and from the Omaha Exposition last summer. There has been a great revulsion of feeling in the West, while the anti-imperialist feeling has been strengthened in the East. We have heard within the last ten days of the change of views of many persons who have been in favor of expansion, but who are shocked by the slaughter going on in the Philippines, and which is necessary under existing conditions, or who dread the loss of good American lives and the degradation and degeneration of good American men which must follow a long-continued occupancy of these tropical islands, or who feel the burden of taxation already imposed upon the business interests of the country, and anticipate the greater burden that must follow the maintenance and defence of these distant colonies.

We have always maintained that the cost of defending the Philippines would alone be much greater than the profits to be derived from them could possibly be; and when this fact is fully realized it will furnish an additional reason for opposition to imperialism. Our opinion on this subject has been recently greatly strengthened by the testimony of a gentleman who lived for many years in the Philippines, transacting business there, knowing thoroughly the islands and the natives. He says that, while we will doubtless defeat the natives, we cannot maintain peace in the islands without garrisons aggregating at least 75,000 men. Now what would be the annual cost of 75,000 troops? We estimate the annual cost of a soldier in this country at $1000. This, for 75,000 men, would be an annual charge of $75,000,000. We must add, however, at least $6,000,000 for the 25 per cent. added to the army pay for colonial service, the cost of transportation back and forth, the frequent recruitments for the maintenance of the strength of the garrison, the additional cost of the naval service, and we will then find that the annual charge for military service in the Philippines would reach at least $100,000,000. We assume that the revenue of the islands would pay for the civil government, and this we are assured is a very generous assumption.

These estimates are based upon expert opinion, and on the same opinion we are enabled to offset the charge with the profits that may possibly enure to us by reason of our possession and occupation of the islands. In their best estate the Philippine trade, back and forth, has aggregated $30,000,000 in a single year, of which about $20,000,000 represented exports and about $10,000,000 represented imports. Assuming that the imports reached $15,000,000 a year, that they came entirely from this country, and that the Americans engaged in the Philippine trade made a profit of 10 per cent. on their sales to the islands, we should then have a revenue of about $1,500,000 accruing to a score or so of Americans; and for the maintenance of this revenue the country would be taxed at least $100,000,000 a year. As a matter of fact, we suppose that this large expenditure would be really for the maintenance of a trade from which a few Americans would reap an annual profit of from $250,000 to $350,000 a year at the outside, and in this expenditure we do not include the inestimable value of the American lives which must be sacrificed for the maintenance of this little trade. We confess that this vast expenditure, disproportionate as it is to any benefit which may accrue, is not discordant with the protective principle, but we fancy it will not be regarded as excusable by the country when its amount and its significance are once generally understood.

President McKinley is often the author of such an admirable deed that we wonder why he does not always follow the dictates of his own judgment and his own conscience, instead of listening to the bad advice of the politicians who surround him, and who are bent on the attainment of their own interests and their own profit, and not at all on the welfare of the President or the country. The latest act for which the whole country, and especially the navy, ought to thank Mr. McKinley is his strong and appreciative letter to Admiral Sampson, in reply to the latter's request that the other officers who deserved to be honored for the work of the navy at Santiago might not be permitted to suffer on account of his own misfortune in being unappreciated by the Senate. The President, in reply, expressed his sympathy with Admiral Sampson, and again assured him that it was because he alone was entitled to the honor of that blockade and the destruction of Cervera's fleet that he had gladly honored him by a special promotion. This letter assures us that, so far as the President is concerned, justice will yet be done, and Sampson made Vice-Admiral.

THIS BUSY WORLD. *By E. S. Martin*

MR. J. W. DOANE, a gentleman who lived at the Windsor Hotel, has sent $500 to the *Evening Post* to start a fund of $10,000, which it is hoped will be raised for the support of the mother and two sisters of William Guion, an elevator-man at the hotel. Other contributions have swelled the fund at this writing to more than $3000. Guion had been employed at the Windsor for twenty years, and had charge of the elevator when the fire broke out. He stood his ground gallantly, and kept his elevator going through smoke and the gravest peril, repeatedly bringing down loads of frightened people. When the collapse of the building became imminent, he was pulled out of his car by the police. But he was not yet ready to run. It has been said that the elevator bell rang again. At any rate, he started up for one more trip. On his way down, the top of the shaft fell in. The car stopped, and he and whoever was with him were caught and died.

When has there been a nobler instance of devotion to duty than this? Running an elevator is pretty humdrum work, about as little adapted, apparently, to develop heroic qualities as any work that can be imagined. But there was hero stuff in Guion. For him the little tinkle of his bell in that fiery confusion was a signal no less august than the voice of God. Up he went again on a sacred mission, and out of that cage in which his body was entrapped his soul went to his Maker.

Manhood came out strong at that fire. The courage and effective work of the firemen saved many lives, and have been praised and honored, as they should have been. But the firemen have taught us to expect heroism from them. William Guion's fine devotion may not be qualified even by the suggestion that it was part of his business, except in so far as it is every man's business, when the pinch comes, to remember that he was made in God's image, and must not disgrace the uniform of clay that clothes his spirit.

THERE seem to be at least two sides to everything, and most things are polygons. That is one reason why it is so hard to do right, and incidentally to live. Right and wrong, honesty and dishonesty, truth and falsehood, are regarded theoretically as plain matters, the quality of which the observer may detect at a glance, and we are in the habit of having it impressed upon us that the chief preliminary to righteousness is the desire to do right. But, commonly, that isn't the hardest part. It is easy to want to do right, but actions shade into one another so, and are so complicated by times and circumstances, that oftentimes it takes the carefulest and prayerfulest study to determine what is right and what is not. A large class of actions include both good and evil results, and we do them or not, according to our opinion whether good or evil results will preponderate.

The population of the United States includes a great many conscientious persons who are trying to thrash out the White Man's Burden question and to get at the real rights of it, with a view to the future regulation of their conduct. Most of those who have read Kipling's poem are satisfied with it as poetry, but very uncertain about it as gospel. What they want to know is whether its facts will wash: whether the white man is in India and China and Africa, and especially in the Philippines, in the interest of the brown man or of his precious self, and whether more good than evil comes of his stay there. The problem of the Philippines has given thousands of American readers an eager practical interest in the relations of white men and brown—or yellow or red or black—men, wherever in the world such relations exist. We want to know what effect the Dutch have on the Javanese, and also what effect the Javanese have on the Dutch. We want to know whether Great Britain really puts as much into India as she takes out; whether the British are making the East-Indians happier and better than they would be without them. The idea of white men devoting their lives to the regulation and uplifting of brown men is very taking. The idea of white men finding lucrative jobs in bossing brown men and coming home rich and liver-saddened, to live at the brown men's cost, is less attractive. Fifty years ago the question whether black men were best off in charge of white men was universally discussed in this country, and every one had views about it, but for thirty-five years it has not been a pressing question, and has not been much mooted. Now a question akin to it has come up, and ninety-nine-hundredths of us are too ignorant to discuss it intelligently. We may have read *Peter Halkett*, and remember that there are those who question the benevolence of Cecil Rhodes. We have all read more or less about British rule in India, and we know there is great good in that, but still we wonder whether there is good enough to justify it. But our reading at best has been scrappy and casual, and qualifies us much better to ask questions than to answer them. Accordingly, all current information that bears on the white-man's-burden problem gets attention. Mr. John J. Valentine, president of Wells, Fargo, & Co., is quoted as the author of a monograph on *Dutch Colonizers in Malaysia*, in which he pictures the absolute subjection of the Javanese to the Dutch masters in a way that must be annoying to expansionists. He regards the Dutch supremacy in Java as a usurpation, maintained at an annual cost of the lives of thousands of white troops, for the benefit of merchants who live luxuriously on wealth made by the labor of "thirty million patient, cowed Malays working under the harsh supervision of agents." That is one picture of Java, but possibly there is another, in which the gentle Dutchman is shown sacrificing his liver in the effort to civilize and redeem the Javanese.

We have a lot to learn about Malaysian colonies, and probably we will learn pretty fast. Certainly we are interested in the subject, and certainly, if no better prospect offers than the conquest of nine million Filipinos for the sake of providing a field of enterprise to a few new trusts, the project will not finally recommend itself to a people who are still paying $150,000,000 a year in memory of a war for the suppression of slavery.

AGREEABLY to a suggestion of Sir Walter Besant, a fund is being gathered in England to found in Winchester High School a university scholarship in honor of Miss Charlotte Yonge, and "in recognition of her great services as pioneer of that religious and high-toned literature for young people which for the last fifty years has been a special glory of England and the admiration of America and other countries." The Winchester High School receives girls from all parts of England. Miss Yonge has served since its foundation, in 1884, as one of its council of management. Six thousand pounds is wanted for the scholarship fund. Among those who have cordially approved the scheme is Mr. John Hay, lately our ambassador to England. American readers who feel an obligation to Miss Yonge and may wish to join in raising this fund are invited to send their subscriptions to the Rev. J. H. Merriott, Dormy Cottage, Winchester, England.

THE Daughters of the American Revolution in Boston have voted to arrange a reception for Admiral Dewey when he passes through Boston on his way home to Vermont. If the Admiral comes home by way of the Suez Canal, and goes to Boston directly from New York, there may be enough left of him for the Boston Daughters to receive; but if he comes by way of San Francisco, Boston's prospect of having sight of him this year would seem to be faint. We have been assured that the Admiral has had a hard year, and that if he comes home in July, as seems now to be expected, he will come looking for rest and recuperation. Obviously, in view of the present disposition of the American people towards him, he will not find rest growing here on bushes, but will have to hunt it down and sit on its head. No man in historical times has ever before come home to so big a country that was so much agitated over his coming. There are seventy millions of us, and, as the boarding-school damsels say, we are all just crazy about Dewey, and he, particularly if he feels somewhat indisposed, must heartily wish that he could appoint a proxy for us to go wild over, while he looked on and enjoyed the sport. Meanwhile, at this writing, the cruiser *Raleigh*, the first to come home of the ships that were at Manila, is nearing New York. The Mayor and a reception committee of 500 will go down the bay to meet her, and doubtless we shall have a foretaste of what we may expect later when Admiral Dewey comes.

NEW possibilities are opened to the city of New York by the offer made, on March 27, by the Metropolitan Street Railway Company, to build the great tunnel up and down Manhattan Island which has been looked forward to for years as the only satisfactory solution of the rapid-transit problem. The Metropolitan Railway says that if it gets the job it will begin work within three months of the time authority is granted it, and will have the tunnel ready from the City Hall to Fort George within three years. The other branch, running to the Bronx, it proposes to build in two years, beginning as soon as the net earnings of the line first completed are sufficient to pay five per cent. annually on the cost of construction and equipment. The company stipulates that it shall have a perpetual lease of the tunnel it constructs, and shall have the right to use and rent spare space in it for lines of pipe and wires. From its net receipts from the underground railway it proposes first to take for itself an annual sum amounting to five per cent. of the actual cost of construction and equipment, and next to pay the city an annual rental amounting to five per cent. of the gross receipts. It proposes to charge ten cents fare on its express trains and five cents on its local trains, but the higher rate entitles the passenger to a transfer to the cars of the Metropolitan surface railway, and the lower fare entitles the passenger to buy a surface transfer for three cents.

There are, of course, many other stipulations and conditions, but the main point is that the Metropolitan, a very strong and competent company, which is on terms of affection with the present city government, has offered the city rapid transit underground on terms which, though they may need amendment in detail, are, on the whole, considered to be reasonable. The Rapid Transit Commissioners are pleased to have received an offer, and are obviously hopeful of making a deal. No one could do the work quicker or better than the Metropolitan Company, and no one can compete with that company in the advantageous offers it can make in the matter of transfers to its surface system. The commissioners, having now got an offer, must go to the Legislature for further authority before they can accept it or haggle over it. They all find the Metropolitan's proposition attractive, and all agree that while it would probably be profitable in the end for the city to build and own its underground road, it is much more feasible to have the work done by private capital.

RUSSIA has served notice on Finland to the practical effect that her Finnish days are over, and that she is straightway to become Russian. The Finns, down to the twelfth century, were pagans, noted for their piratical enterprise, which so bothered the Swedes that they took them in hand, regulated them somewhat, and made a beginning of Christianizing them. From that time down to 1809 Swedish influence predominated in Finland, and the Swedes and Russians fought back and forth from time to time over the country. Finally, in 1808, Russia made a successful invasion, and got the country away from Sweden, so that in 1809 Finland became a Russian grand-duchy, and has since remained so. But it was still Finland, and though its governor-general has since then been a Russian, it has had its own Finnish capital of Helsingfors, where its own Finnish Parliament met. Its ancient privileges were guaranteed by Czar Alexander I. It had its own army, commanded by Finnish officers, and only one Finnish regiment at a time served in times of peace beyond the borders of Finland. This system lasted undisturbed until 1871, when an attempt was made to put Finland under the same rules as to military service and organization that governed the rest of Russia. But the regulations made at that time were so interpreted as to make little practical change. Six months ago, however, a new governor-general came to Helsingfors, and gave notice to the Finns that the days of a separate Finland were past. Russian money and postage-stamps were to supersede those in use; the Russian Church was to be the state church, and the Russian language the official language. Since then the Finnish Parliament has been compelled, under threat of force, to promulgate the Czar's decree depriving it of some of its most important powers and privileges, and providing for the extension of conscription, the substitution of Russians for Swedes in the University of Helsingfors, and other measures of similar purport. Finland as Finland is apparently to be wiped out, as Poland was wiped out a century ago.

Naturally the Finns are full of remonstrance and agitation. Their friends in Sweden are led by sympathy to stigmatize the Czar's peace congress as hypocritical. The Finns in this country, too, are agitated, and on March 26 some 300 of them held a meeting in Brooklyn to denounce the new Russian policy for Finland, and to take steps towards an organized expression of Finnish sentiment on this continent. A committee was appointed, which will co-operate with the Finlanders of the West and get up a monster petition, which will be carried to Washington and presented to the President and Secretary Hay, with a view to interest the American delegates to the Czar's peace congress in the Finnish cause.

The case seems very hard. There is no complaint against Finland as a grand-duchy of Russia, so far as appears, except that its civilization is far superior to that which generally obtains in Russia. Its schools are good, its standard of education high, its percentage of illiteracy very low. Its defenders aver that Russianizing means to it the lowering of its educational standards, a censorship for its press, official corruption, increased taxation, and all the incidents of despotism. A harsh prospect, certainly, for a country that has demonstrated its fitness to manage well its own affairs.

DOCTORS are swift to avail themselves of the new expedients made possible by the progress of invention. The *Medical Record* says that when an X-ray picture is to be taken at the house of a New York patient, the physician no longer finds it necessary to fetch a large electric battery from his office, but simply telephones for an electric cab, and, as it stands at the door, runs out a wire from the sick-room, and borrows the electricity he needs from its storage battery. That is beautiful, and recalls the ways of the primitive milkman who drove his cows to his customer's doors and squeezed out each family's allowance in the housekeeper's presence.

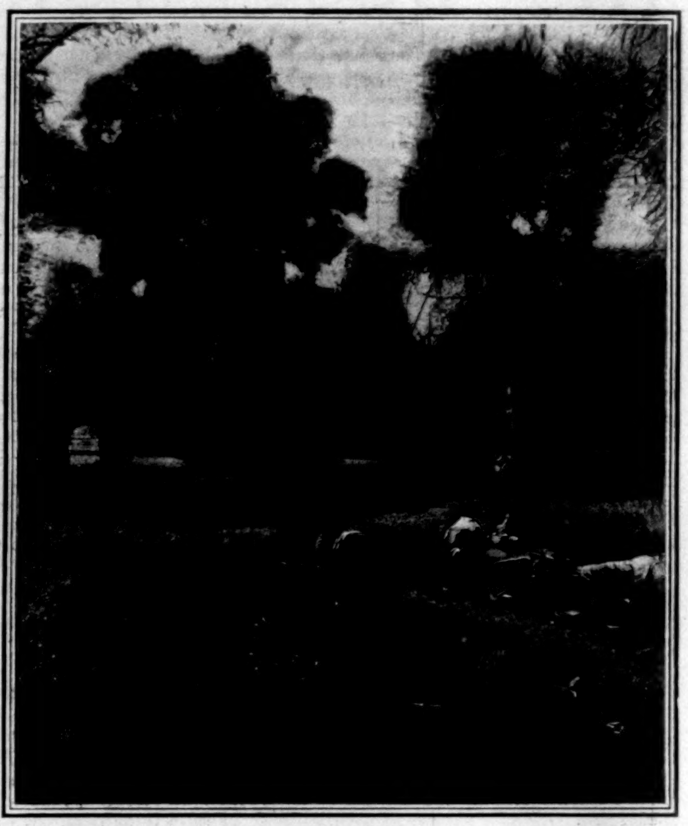
A Western country doctor is reported to be saving himself many trips by using carrier-pigeons to bring him word of the condition of distant patients.

MASSACHUSETTS has determined, after much discussion, to devote $170,000 this year to the extermination of the gypsy-moth. It seems not to have occurred to the Bay State rulers that if this sum were devoted to the establishment of a kindergarten for sparrows, these active birds might be taught to eat the gypsy-moths, thereby making further appropriations for moth-hunting unnecessary, and putting the sparrow to a use that would reconcile the public to his continued existence. Education is cheaper in the end than extermination, as well as more satisfactory.

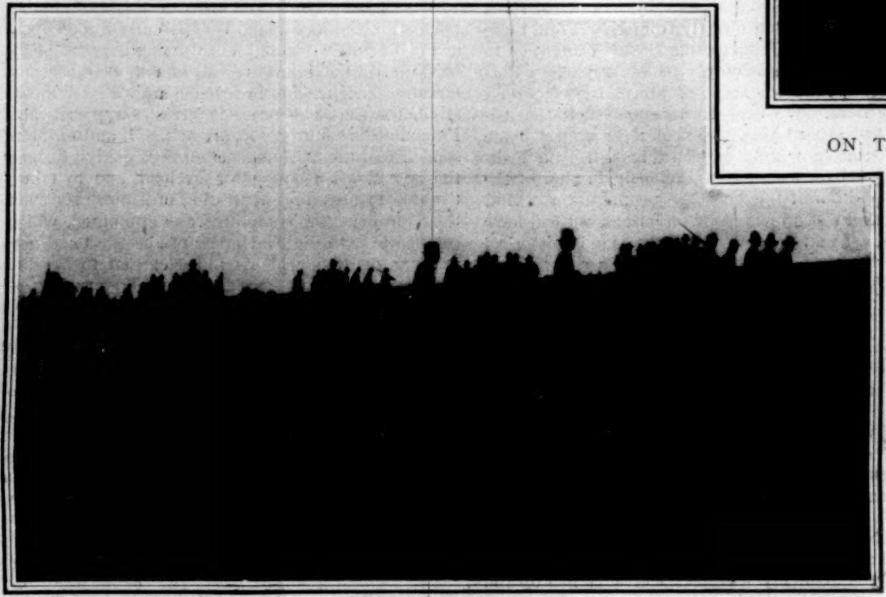
The principle involved is the same that underlies the proposition to use trained Filipino troops to garrison Cuba.

THESE many years the writers of railroad stories have diligently inculcated the theory that the locomotive engine is not a thing, but a creature; that it has likes and dislikes; will go for one man and not for another; and that the tie between it and its driver is a quasi-sacred thing not to be meddled with without good reason. There has also been a theory among mechanics that a locomotive needs periods of rest between trips, like a horse. Two railroads—St. Paul and Atchison—have defied both of these theories, and propose to run their locomotives on much longer trips than has been customary, changing engine-men at proper intervals, and having one succeed another on the same machine. They propose, too, it seems, to keep their engines at work as steadily as possible as long as they are fit to go. Their plans will tend to break up much of the intimacy between the driver and his machine, but if the breakage goes no further than that, the plan will doubtless keep in use.

BLOCK-HOUSE No. 11, LOOKING TOWARD SAN PEDRO MACATI.

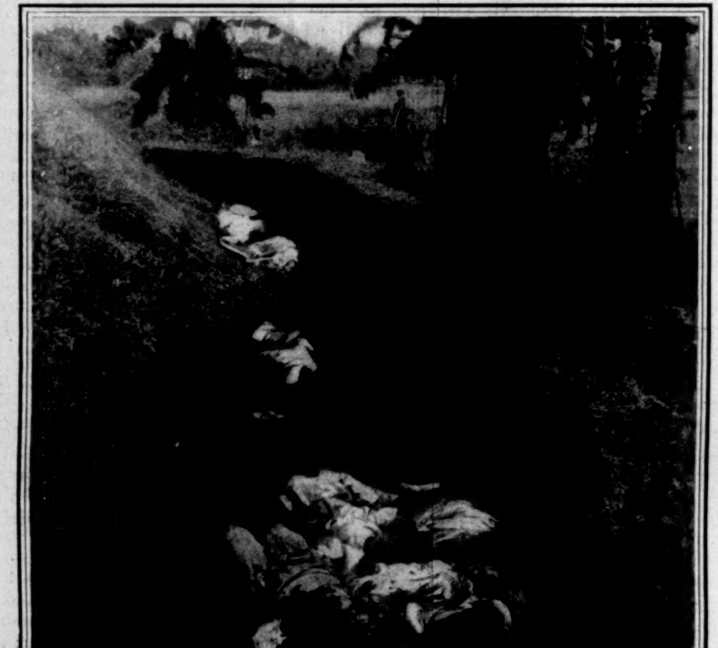


ON THE ROAD TO CALOOCAN—THE AFTER-MATH.



IN THE CHARGE ON CALOOCAN—THE 3D ARTILLERY, ACTING AS INFANTRY, DEPLOYING IN LINE OF SQUADS.

HELPING A WOUNDED SOLDIER TO THE HOSPITAL.



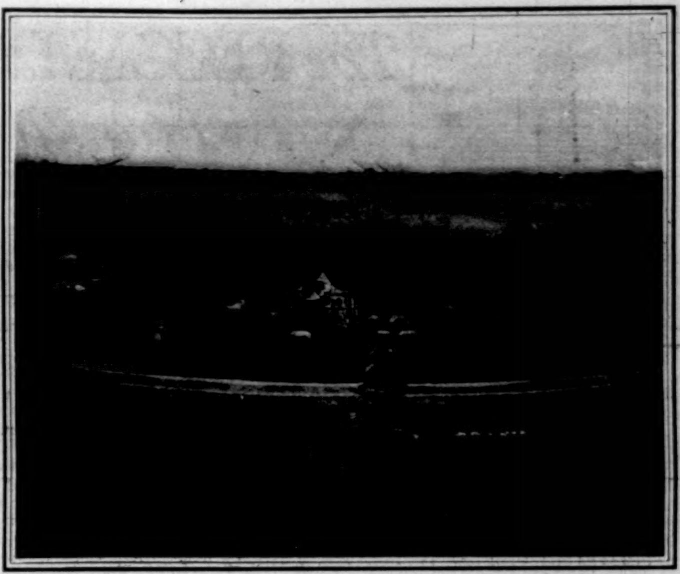
DEAD FILIPINOS IN TRENCH OF BASTION FORT BEFORE SANTA ANA.

"BLOODY LANE," WHERE THE 14TH INFANTRY CHARGED.

MANILA—WITH THE AMERICAN BATTLE-LINE.

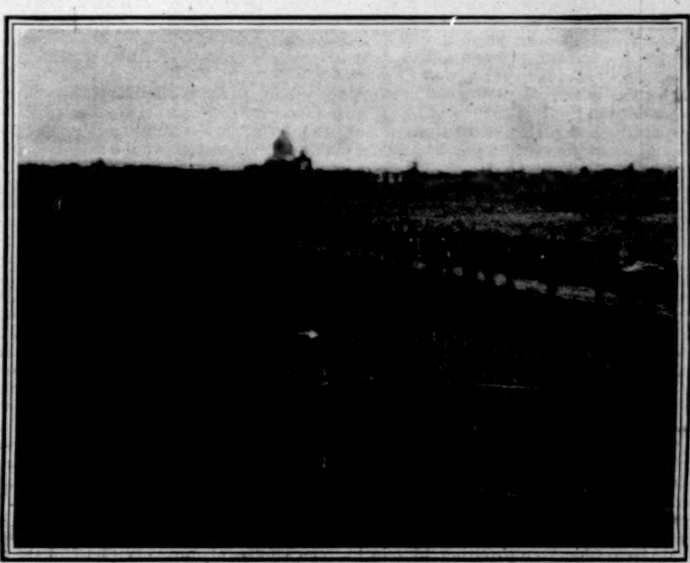
PHOTOGRAPHS BY LIEUT. C. F. O'KEEFE, U. S. A., PHOTOGRAPH DEPARTMENT, OFFICE OF MILITARY INFORMATION, EIGHTH ARMY CORPS.—[SEE PAGE 355.]

CHINESE CHURCH ON CEMETERY RIDGE, STORMED BY THE 3D ARTILLERY, FEBRUARY 5.

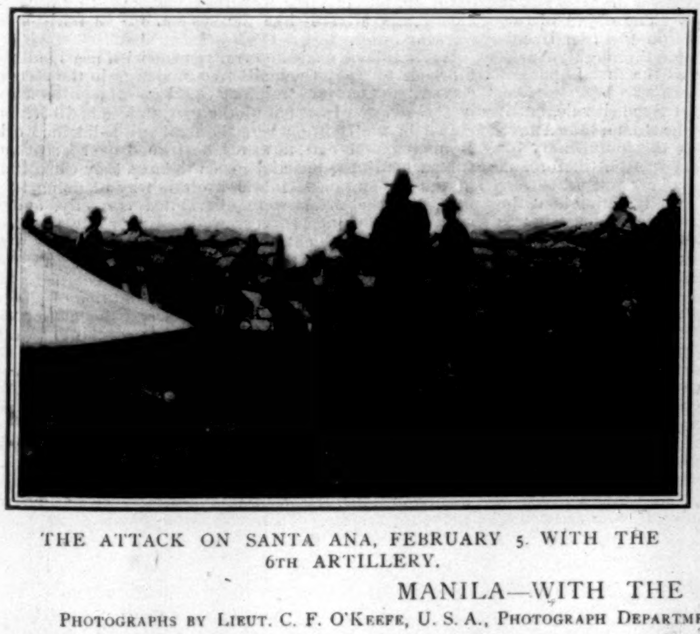


FIELD AND GRAVEYARD OVER WHICH MONTANA AND PENN. TROOPS ADVANCED UNDER CROSS-FIRE.

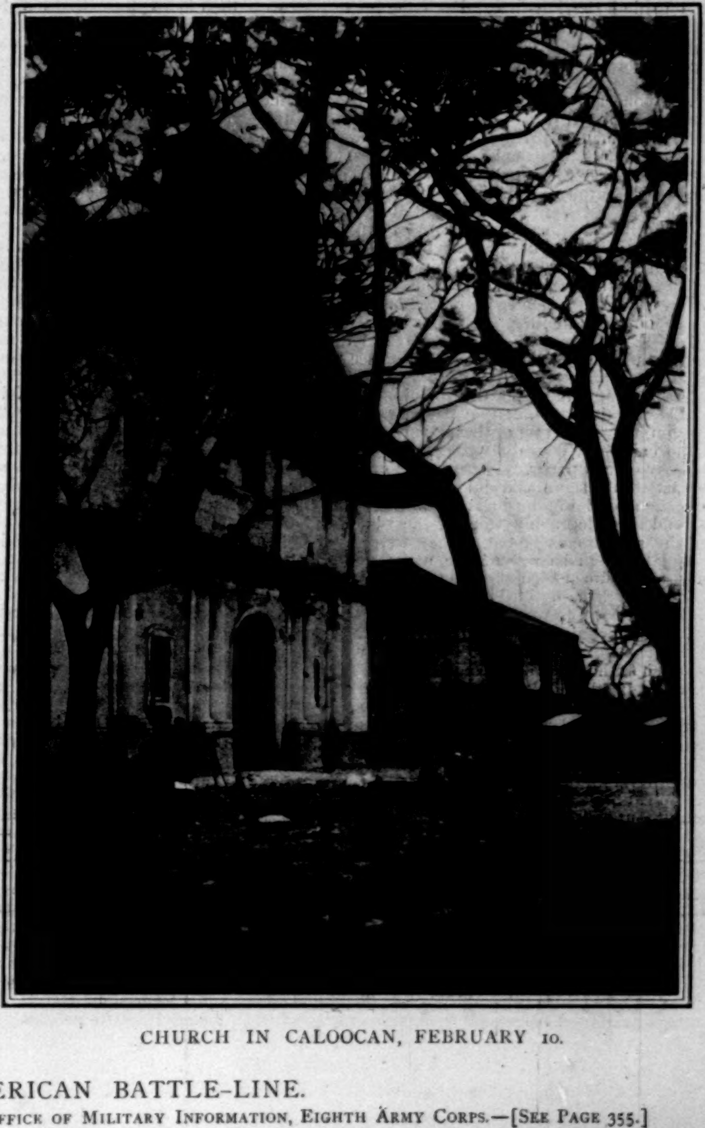
ON THE ROAD TO CALOOCAN, FEBRUARY 10.



CEMETERY RIDGE AND BINONDO CHURCH.



THE ATTACK ON SANTA ANA, FEBRUARY 5, WITH THE 6TH ARTILLERY.



CHURCH IN CALOOCAN, FEBRUARY 10.

MANILA—WITH THE AMERICAN BATTLE-LINE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LIEUT. C. F. O'KEEFE, U. S. A., PHOTOGRAPH DEPARTMENT, OFFICE OF MILITARY INFORMATION, EIGHTH ARMY CORPS.—[SEE PAGE 355.]

The RECONSTRUCTION of CUBA

By Franklin Matthews

III.—CUBA'S NEW POSTAL SERVICE

THE condition of the postal system of a country is always an indication of the standing of that country, not only in commerce, but in civilization. The most highly advanced countries have the most complete postal systems. The method of handling the mails might be called the barometer of progress in any country. Up to the time of the American occupation of Cuba there was a very low barometer in this respect, and it told its own story of the meaning of Spanish rule. Like the other branches of government service, the Cuban mail service was honeycombed with corruption. It seemed to retrograde, rather than to advance. American occupation changed all that, and it was done in less than sixty days. Within that time the foundation was laid for a postal system such as never could have been evolved under Spanish rule, and such as might not have been established by the Cubans themselves within perhaps a century. The new system was thoroughly modern, and whatever may be the result of American occupation of the island, Cuba will always feel the great benefit of American progress in this most important phase of modern life.

The man who was sent to Cuba to establish this postal system was Estes G. Rathbone, formerly Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General under the administration of Benjamin Harrison. His home is in Hamilton, Ohio, where he has been known as a successful banker and man of affairs. He has served the Federal government repeatedly, having been a special agent of Treasury Department from 1874 to 1882. For two years after that he was the chief of the special examiner's department of the Pension Bureau, having under him a force of five hundred and thirty-one men. In 1889 he became chief of the post-office inspectors, and two years later was made Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General, where he had charge of the appointment of certain postmasters, of the bond and commission division of the department, as well as of the inspectors. He became thoroughly expert in postal matters. In addition to this, he had served his adopted State of Ohio in the State Senate, and consequently was well equipped in matters pertaining to public life.

Mr. Rathbone was in business at home on December 21, when he was appointed Director of Posts of Cuba. He really became Postmaster-General of Cuba, and he was sent to the island to reorganize and assume control of the postal service. The elements of merit and fitness were exemplified in his appointment. Another evidence of wisdom relating to his appointment was the fact that the authorities at Washington gave him unlimited authority, and in no ways hampered him with orders or unwise suggestions. He was put in sole control, and was left to work out the problem confronting him in his own way. Night after night he worked, until he was fagged out, and for nearly thirty days he was at his office in the morning so early that it was necessary for him to strike a match to find the key-hole. Even the zealous army officers, with the prospect of promotion, advanced pay, honorable mention, and retirement on a reasonable pension, could not show a greater devotion to duty than this.

Mr. Rathbone took charge of the Cuban postal service at noon on January 1, 1899. He brought with him to Havana only three men—a private secretary and two men—as clerks or assistants, who had never been inside a post-office except to get their mail, and who had been designated at Washington to help Mr. Rathbone. How they were appointed Mr. Rathbone did not tell me, nor did he have any fault to find, so far as I could learn, with their efficiency after they had been broken in to their work. He also brought with him a supply of United States stamps, surcharged for the needs of Cuba, and a lot of mail-bags and a few other equipments. Mr. Rathbone's first work was to appoint a temporary postmaster of Havana, whose name was E. R. Juncosa, an old employé in the service there, and then he began to look around to see the condition of affairs.

Mr. Rathbone found that the Spaniards had simply looted the postal system, as they had practically looted the custom-house and every other department of government on the island. They did not leave a penny, a stamp, or even any official paper. There were no records of any value that would serve as a guide, or as information to their system of doing business. Up to January 1 the postal and the telegraph system of the island had been under the same management. They were separated at once, and the signal corps of the army, under Colonel Dunwoody, assumed charge of the telegraphs of the island. Mr. Rathbone notified all the postmasters he could reach by telegraph to remain at their posts, and he guaranteed that their salaries would be paid. This was joyful news to them, for they had not received any salary from the Spanish authorities for ten months. Most of them had stuck to their places because they were afraid to leave them, and also in the hope that they would some day get part of their back salaries. Most of them remained in office at Director Rathbone's request.

The next thing that the director did was to place his new stamps on sale in Havana. Then he gave notice that letters and other mail-matter could be sent through the island without postage-stamps for fifteen days, the postage to be collected from the persons to whom the letters were delivered. During those fifteen days the director scattered the new stamps all over the island. There had been an American post-office at Santiago since the surrender, and that simplified the situation in a large city remote from Havana. Messages were sent to the old postmasters, strengthening their resolves to remain in office, and when the fifteen days had expired the island was practically supplied with stamps. It required a tremendous lot of work to bring this about. The same rates of postage as existed before the Spaniards evacuated the island were continued. So far as the people were concerned, the only change was a new kind of stamps.

The old system of routine was kept up; the clerks were retained, and no change in method was made for some time. Director Rathbone had to study out the situation. He found that there had been some mysterious way of doing business in the post-office department. The Spaniards were reluctant to give details. Very few of them probably understood the system in all its details. In Mr. Rathbone's own language, "They were very peculiar, to say the least; they seemed to have a system of covering their tracks behind them."

Under the Spanish system, Mr. Rathbone found that the letter-carriers received their pay by charging from three to five cents, and sometimes more, for every letter they delivered. It took only a day or two to have that system abolished in Havana, much to the relief of the merchants. The carriers were put on salaries equivalent to that which they were supposed to earn by the assessment method they were permitted to use under the former régime. This plan of collecting from the persons to whom mail-matter was delivered was allowed to remain in other places than Havana up to the time I left the island, on March 1, because there had been no time to change it. Probably by the time this is printed the system will have been discontinued generally throughout the island, for that was Director Rathbone's plan.

The carriers under the Spanish system not only charged for the delivery of mail-matter, but they rifled letters freely, and made money by stealing stamps from mail-matter and selling them. The letters and other grades of mail-matter would be forwarded without stamps, and the carriers at the other end of the routes would collect not only for delivery, but for the stamps that had been stolen. It was impossible for Mr. Rathbone to learn whether there was any thorough record kept of the collections for unstamped mail-matter. There was simply an unparalleled looseness in the conduct of post-office business, and every man seemed to have license to steal wherever he could. Even newspapers would be stolen from bundles and sold for whatever could be got for them.

Another form of corruption was evident when the salary lists were examined. There was no scale of salaries. In one city a postmaster would receive twice the salary that the postmaster of a larger city received. Salaries seemed to be arranged on the "pull" plan, with the possibilities of division with the appointing power afterward. Places that under the liberal payment of the United States would rate at $1500 a year were worth frequently as much as $3000 a year. There seemed to be no bond for the faithful performance of duty, and favoritism and corruption were evident at every turn.

Director Rathbone gathered all the information he could about every phase of the workings of the department before he assumed charge, and finally decided that the former system needed complete eradication. It was useless, in his judgment, to try to make over the system that was then in vogue. He decided that the only thing to do was to set up a new system upon the most approved American methods. He wrote to the department authorities in Washington that such a course was necessary, and it is noteworthy that he did not ask for permission to make a new start. He simply said that he intended to put the new system in operation on February 10 if there was no objection. He wrote on January 24. As soon as his letter reached Washington, and had been placed before the Postmaster-General, a cable message was sent to him approving his decision, and on the date set Director Rathbone began the Americanizing of the postal affairs of the island.

Ten bureaus were established, and most of them put in operation. They were the bureaus of finance, appointments, postal accounts, transportation, translation, postal money-orders, special agents, registry, disbursements, advisory counsel—all organized with inexperienced men; but in a few days the department was fully one hundred per cent. more efficient than had been the Spanish management of the system. The first definite step in the reconstruction of the postal affairs in the island, on February 10, was to consolidate the "military postal stations" with the post-offices in the places where the military stations were situated. The military stations had been used solely for the United States troops. Wherever consolidation took place the military postal agent was made postmaster, and the Cuban postmaster was appointed his assistant, if he was willing to accept the place. The object of this move was to man the chief offices on the island with Americans, with the object of the more thoroughly Americanizing the entire system. It was the first important step in that work.

There was a registry system under Spanish rule, but it was hopelessly defective and complicated, and the American system of checks was necessary to secure safety for registered matter. The new system was put in force in the Havana office on February 19, and arrangements were soon being perfected to extend it rapidly throughout the island. But more important than the registry system was that for money-orders. The Spaniards had had no such system. Some such plan was necessary for the transmission of money in Cuba. There was no bank system in the island, and the use of checks and other forms of paper for the payment of sums due was unknown there. Facilities for the exchange and transmission of money to various parts of the island were practically of the most meagre kind.

The rule in Cuba seems to have been always to keep your hands on your own money, and so be sure that it is yours. Spanish merchants in Havana were always their own bankers. They kept their money locked up in their safes rather than put it in any depository. When they did lend money, the custom was not to take a mortgage or some form of collateral, but to buy outright the stock or material upon which they loaned money, with the written understanding that the man who borrowed the money could have his property back upon the payment of a sum of money large enough for principal and interest combined. It was necessary, therefore, for the development of business, that some sort of money-order system should be established, and Director Rathbone decided that only the best—the American system—should be put in operation. On February 17 he opened the first office in Havana, and made it the exchange office. At the same time another exchange office was opened in Tampa, Florida, and thus the first step was taken towards adopting this important system of exchange of money. It met with instant success. The people were using it more and more every day, and within two weeks it could be seen that the system would become popular. The people of Cuba were distrustful of banks and of each other, but there seemed to be confidence in the United States, and Director Rathbone almost immediately had the satisfaction of seeing a most important part of his work fairly well established and in good working order, so far as it went. It was his purpose to extend the system as fast as he could, and by the time this article is published it will doubtless have been established in all cities and towns large enough to have such an adjunct to the usual postal business.

In order the more thoroughly to Americanize the postal system, it was decided to fit up a new post-office in the city of Havana. The old post-office had been used for at least one hundred and fifty years. Like all public buildings in the city, its sanitary condition was frightful. It is Mr. Rathbone's opinion that its condition was the "worst of any building in Havana." That distinction, however, could be claimed for half a dozen death-traps and disease-spreaders. The man who would undertake to say which was the worst building, from a sanitary stand-point, in Havana, when the Americans took control of affairs, would have to be an expert in germ propagation such as the world never saw. His sense of smell, in a comparative sense, would be ruined in half an hour.

The old Post Office was condemned by the sanitary authorities, and some of the other public buildings were not, and that would seem to bear out Mr. Rathbone's assertion of foulness approaching distinction for his office. The Cuartel de la Fuerza, at the foot of O'Reilly Street, was selected for a new office for local and general purposes in the city, and, before I left, it was being transformed into an American post-office. The plan was to remodel and furnish the place entirely on American lines. The furniture and fittings were to be strictly American, and all the appliances were to be such as are used in post-offices in the United States. It was thought that this would be most efficacious in the eradication of nearly everything Spanish in the management of the Havana office and the general post-office system. The new Post Office in Havana will be down near the water-front, close to the former palace of the captain-general, and not in the centre of the city. It will be on the edge of the business part of the city. It is the purpose, therefore, to establish sub-stations in Havana, such as exist in the larger cities of the United States. The plans for the renovation of the system in Havana also include the establishment of numerous stamp agencies, to the end that the citizens may have ample facilities to procure stamps and to mail letters. Even before I left, Sub-Station A had been established in that part of the city along the ocean front, and remote from the centre of town, called Vedado, where General Brooke had his headquarters, and where the Evacuation Commissioners met. Vedado is said to be one of the most attractive of the outskirts of Havana. It was the intention to put modern mail-boxes throughout the island. Mr. Rathbone had 150 of them already on hand in February to take the places of the boxes that were used. It seemed as hard to get letters into the cumbersome and ungainly mail-boxes of the Spaniards as it was to get them out, and that involved a bit of skilful manipulation with a tremendous key.

In dealing with the postmasters of the island, Mr. Rathbone found that it was practically impossible to put them under bonds, as is done in the United States, and he adopted the expedient which has been urged for adoption in this country—that of compelling the postmasters to purchase their supplies outright. If a postmaster has to pay for his stamps in advance, it has been argued that he will be all the more careful of them. Compelling the Cuban postmasters to pay for their supplies was something of a hardship, but in some way they managed to raise the money, and after a time the system was in fairly good working order.

Mr. Rathbone made an arrangement with nearly all the railroads to carry the mails free of charge in the second-class cars. On every train one could find the postal agent in these cars. In some of the cars a place had been enclosed in the centre, where the mail agent did his work. In many of the cars, however, he turned over a seat and spread his letters out and sorted them as they came in to him at the stations. It was a crude way of doing business, but the mails were distributed correctly, and it answered the purpose very well. Under the terms or concessions by which the railroads were built, they were compelled to carry the mails free of charge. Two of the railroads in the island were claiming compensation for carrying the mails under the new condition of affairs, but it caused no delay in the mails, and the matter was left for adjudication. In addition to maintaining a railway mail service, there was a steamship service surrounding the island. Director Rathbone looked into the contracts for this work very carefully. When it is known that he saved $102,000 in two of these contracts alone, it is not difficult to imagine where some of the profits of being connected with the mail were found for some of the higher officials.

In addition to looking out for the routine of the department work, Mr. Rathbone was planning constantly to improve the service. There was some complaint, as was to

be expected, over a lack of prompt delivery of letters here and there. It was impossible to put promptness into the work of clerks who were keyed down to the inevitable mañana of the island. Gradually the American idea of clearing desks and tables was being instilled into the office help all over the island, and day by day the complaints of delayed mails grew less frequent. Mr. Rathbone had very little to complain of in the way of insubordination. The post-office workers were glad to have employment where they were sure of getting their pay. It was a novelty for them.

One of the improvements that were in contemplation was the reduction of postage rates. It was Mr. Rathbone's plan to make the rates exactly the same as those in the United States. He said that he hoped to put the new rates in force as soon as he received the supply of Cuban stamps that were being printed in the United States. The royal palm-tree was one of the emblems that he had decided upon for one of the stamps; a plough was to be used on another; and the emblems on the other stamps were to be symbolic of Cuban life. It was his purpose also to establish free deliveries, as we know them in the United States, for Havana, Santiago, Cienfuegos, Puerto Principe, Sagua la Grande, Matanzas, Pinar del Rio, Cardenas, and probably Santa Clara. He was also planning to extend the postal service to remote parts of the island by what would be known as the star-route system, believing, as he put it in his conversation with me, "that the better the facilities for transmitting knowledge, the more we will tend towards a high state of civilization."

Mr. Rathbone found that to put his system in operation he required money from the States, but he said he had not had to call on Washington for much money. He was using the ordinary revenues of the system to support his work. He said that he had had full support from the military authorities, and that his relations with all the generals had been most cordial. There was no tendency, he declared, by the military authorities, or the authorities in the Postal Department in Washington, to dictate to him or to interfere with his work in a remote degree. He also made the confident prediction that the service would be made self-sustaining, or "practically so," within the first year of its existence. The cheapness of transporting the mails, and the saving he had effected in that respect, together with the practice of economy and ordinary honesty in business matters, he thought, would accomplish wonders in that line.

Even if the department were not self-sustaining, any one can see what a postal system such as that which Mr. Rathbone has started, and undoubtedly will carry out if left to follow his purposes, will do for the island of Cuba. He declared to me that his one thought and aim, like those of the military authorities, was so to equip the service with which he was connected that when the time should come to turn it over to the Cubans themselves, it would be absolutely modern and in perfect running order. He wanted, he said, to leave the work in such shape that he would be proud of it, and the Cubans would rejoice over American occupation because it had proved a blessing to them, and because it had brought about reforms which they could probably have never brought about themselves unaided by the wisdom and active co-operation of American officials.

It is worth while noting that Mr. Rathbone, like the other American officials in Cuba, was following practical civil service reform ideas. He was using the help he found in the offices, and he was discharging no one except for cause, such as inefficiency and dishonesty. At the time of my visit he owned that he had found it necessary to seclude himself from callers to some extent, in order to get through with his work. There were quite a few stranded Americans in the country, and, with the true idea of the American when he gets out of money or out of a job, they were turning to the government to get places. The stranded Americans, none of whom had experience in postal matters, with possibly one or two exceptions, were flocking to him to get work. They had no idea that special training was required in post-office work, especially in Cuba. They wanted work. He was an American, and they were Americans, and a good many of them could not understand why they could not have jobs right away. They were beginning to exercise their "pulls" at home, and he was having something of a task in standing them off. But the great changes which he brought about in less than two months speak not only of his success in this respect, but also tell their own story of his efficiency and fidelity. It is a pleasure to speak in commendatory terms of his work, and it is not exaggeration to say that the island of Cuba will always be glad that the United States took hold of its postal service and put it on a sound and proper basis. Of the far-reaching effects of this work only the future can tell the real story.

One thing that Mr. Rathbone said to me ought to be spread before the people of the United States, and I have his permission to quote him. He came in contact with the real people of Cuba probably to a greater extent than any of the government officials that the United States sent to the island. He met men of every degree. He had to travel among them, and to seek out their wants in his department. His intercourse was with the masses rather than with former officials or military men. In the language of the politicians of our country, he had to get right down among the plain people, and it is doubtful if any American sent down there had better opportunities to become acquainted with them. This is what he said to me for publication, as coming from him as the result of his experiences, and it is well worth the sober second thought of those who assert that the Cubans are a worthless people, half civilized, and unworthy of all that the United States has undertaken or has had to undertake in their behalf because of the Weyler atrocities and the destruction of the *Maine*:

"The people of the United States have a wrong impression of the Cubans. They are kind, gentle, tractable, and easy to get along with. By kindness you can do anything in the world with them. I have studied them closely, and that is my belief. The Cubans are naturally lethargic. They live in a climate that is enervating. They do not step off quite as quickly as Americans do, and they are inclined to put off to-morrow everything they can, and are not as prompt as Americans. I think, however, that Cuba has advanced very much in the last fifty days."

LONDON

March 18, 1899.

THE public début of the new American ambassador at the dinner of the Associated Chambers of Commerce was a success of no ordinary kind. Manly and sincere as it was eloquent, Mr. Choate's speech struck the note of literary and forensic distinction that we have come to regard as a natural gift of American ambassadors. Englishmen who know the distinguished, but for the most part mature and too often effete, old gentlemen who now act as the Queen's agents in foreign parts, are tempted to grumble at the inability of our Foreign Office to obtain representatives of the stamp the United States are in the habit of sending to this country. Iron-clad taciturnity and dignified dulness, with the capacity of looking wiser than one really is, are the qualities that form the official British ideal of what an ambassador should be. Since Lord Dufferin left the service, it would be hard to find a single member of the diplomatic corps who could be relied on to make such an impression on a mixed and critical audience as Mr. Choate produced, apparently without an effort, on his first public appearance in London. He was speaking to the nation as well as to the Chambers of Commerce. There are a rational frankness and a lucid unconventionality about the new American ambassador's style which are found to be extremely attractive, especially by those who are sorely wearied by the rounded periods and studied impromptus of conventional British eloquence. Mr. Choate was boldly and successfully outspoken about the very things on which educated Englishmen think much but say little, and he expressed average opinion here quite as much as that of his own country. To refer in a maiden speech to the war of 1812, to the international disputes on the Oregon and northeastern boundary questions, the Confederate cruisers, the *Trent* seizure, and the Venezuelan message, required from the ambassador no less magnetism than diplomacy, if these topics were to be successfully employed by Mr. Choate as stepping-stones to the goal of international understanding. There was more to be found in the speech than the racy adroitness of a trained advocate. It was the utterance of a clear and sagacious mind speaking to one great nation in the name of another; a mind more intent on the realities of things than the glitter and graces of words, and yet with a mastery of style that hid the finished art concealed. It will be interesting to observe the effect of Lord Salisbury's habits of massive deliberation on the keen temper of the American ambassador.

CHINA once more engages public attention. The government printing-press has vomited a Blue-Book of undigested material, the effect of which is to show that wherever Great Britain has been bested by Russia in the Far East the Chinese have been made to smart by John Bull for Muscovite malpractices. The political Philistine is pleased with this display of British force at the expense of the heathen Chinee. Thinkers of another type, however, are not proud of the reflection that the British lion stoops to snatch from the Chinese dragon an equivalent for that which he shrinks from exacting from the Russian bear. Another surprising part of our policy in China is shown in the support which Lord Salisbury has given to Italy in her efforts to obtain a foothold on the Chinese mainland. It may be observed, moreover, that the sphere of influence marked out by Italy as the one she desires to obtain, a desire supported by British diplomatic influence at Peking, is situated in or adjacent to that portion of the Chinese Empire which was understood to be ear-marked last year, at the instance of the British government, as being inalienable to another power. The government are perhaps unjustly taxed with gross inconsistency in thus supporting Italy in acquiring territory in the region of the Yangtse Valley, and many are the surmises that have been hazarded as to the grounds for their action.

THERE is reason to believe that sooner or later our rulers contemplate the possibility of international fetters being riveted on China, similar in pattern to those which placed Egypt under an international tutelage in respect of her finances and other matters. There are six great powers possessing capitulations with Turkey, and if the Egyptian precedent is followed, the privileges demanded under the system of capitulations and the mixed tribunals in Egypt may, after all, be some day reproduced in China. If the great powers set up a "caisse de la dette," mixed tribunals, or an international council in the Far East, it will be important that England and America should be able to command a majority of votes; and if Japan takes rank as a great power in the Pacific, the presence of an Italian commissioner with a vote as a great power will be of much value in the not inconceivable event of difference of opinion between Russia, France, and Germany on the one side, and the United States, England, and Japan on the other. As foreign officials are not seldom the touchiest of mankind, and China is likely to swarm with foreign officials, anomalous situations will probably exist in plenty where the vote of a friendly power will be of supreme importance to the English-speaking world. This, at all events, is a reasonable hypothesis for Great Britain's welcome to Italy's finger in the China pie. Italy and England are friends by reason of common antipathies. In the mean time Sir Claude Macdonald is coming home on sick-leave, and British interests will again be intrusted to a pair of fresh hands. From letters I learn that trouble is brewing in various parts of China. Ferment and unrest of the population are rife, and the concessions for railways will not be worth the paper on which they are written until provision is made for the maintenance of law and order.

LORD CHARLES BERESFORD is confounding his few enemies with a flash of silence. It will be broken at York on April 19, when he will address his constituents on the subject of British policy in China. His report for the Associated Chambers of Commerce should prove to be an interesting document, as he has had opportunities for getting at the facts on the spot enjoyed by no other man. The break-up of a community comprising four hundred millions of souls is a greater political event than anything that has happened since the fall of the Roman Empire. As in Turkey and elsewhere, the top and the bottom of society in China are corrupt. The mandarins are unscrupulous tyrants; the coolie class are turbulent and dangerous. The great bulk of the Chinese, however, are industrious, temperate, and, above all, honest in their commercial dealings.

WHEN one reflects on the possibilities to British commerce (already on the down grade) of the liberation from their ancestral shackles of a vast horde of yellow men, traders by tradition, and with a higher sense of commercial honor than the City of London, one reads with dismay the report from the special committee of the London Chamber of Commerce on the prevalence of secret commissions—in other words, on the extent of bribery in English trade. The commissioners conclude from the evidence before them that secret commissions in various forms are prevalent in almost all trades and professions to a great extent, and that in some trades the practice has increased and is increasing. Sir Edward Fry, who was one of the ablest judges in the High Court, declares that the immorality exercised in the conduct of business in this country includes murder from the over-insurance of vessels, wholesale adulteration, fraudulent manufacture of goods where the deceit is designed to operate on the ignorant ultimate purchaser, and bribery which corrodes the whole structure of British trade.

THE London Chamber of Commerce committee, while admitting that the mass of corruption shown by the evidence is great and complex, does not regard the struggle to remedy the evil as hopeless. Corruption formerly existed in this country in regions where it is now entirely unknown. In past times bribery threw a stain upon occupants of the bench. At one time a large number of the members of the House of Commons were in the pay of the Crown. Commission and other secret forms of bribery formerly abounded in government departments. The improvement which has taken place in these directions in the last fifty years is a fact full of encouragement for the commercial community of Great Britain, but the extension of the system of bribery by commission to almost every trade and profession is an evil which has grown, is growing, and must be abated. Bribery takes many forms, the worst of which is a *pro rata* commission on the business done; sometimes in the shape of a loan which places the borrower at the mercy of the lender; sometimes the bribery consists of presents of plate or wine, and is not infrequently administered in the form of lavish hospitality and treating. It is impossible to shut one's eyes to the beginnings of danger in reference to the commercial and social integrity of English democracy—a danger that is all the greater since the competition with which British commerce has to contend is likely to be ten times fiercer in the near future than in the recent past.

A STRUGGLE has taken place in the House of Commons during the past week which was virtually waged between Mr. Rockefeller for the Standard Oil Company on the one side, and the Paris Rothschilds for Russian petroleum interests on the other. Methods in vogue in Washington were specially imported to the lobby at Westminster for the occasion. I have heard ugly statements from responsible quarters as to the nature of the influence brought to bear upon certain members of the House of Commons by the Standard Oil Company's agents, while the activity of the great capitalists interested in the exploitation of Russian oil marks a new and sinister epoch in the annals of industrial legislation. American and cosmopolitan capitalists were fighting on the floor of the House for the poor man's copper, while England looked on. So far the Standard Oil Company wins, but government is to bring in a bill that may cut the combs of the monopolist trusts.

THE death of Lady Ridley, a sister of Lady Aberdeen and Lord Tweedmouth, is not unlikely to lead to the retirement of Sir Matthew Ridley, the Home Secretary. Lady Ridley was beloved no less by Northumberland pitmen than by the London society of which she was so great an ornament. The blow to Sir Matthew Ridley is irretrievable. Fate has not been kind to the present cabinet. Mr. Goschen lost his wife a short time back, and has visibly aged ever since. Mr. Chaplin, the official head of the Local Government Board, is no longer in a vigorous state of health, and his retirement, if not imminent, ought not to be delayed. Even the Small Cottage Homes bill, which would properly belong to his department, was brought in by Mr. Chamberlain. The Duke of Devonshire has greatly aged. Cabinet responsibilities now virtually rest on four men—Lord Salisbury, Mr. Balfour, Mr. Chamberlain, and Sir Michael Hicks-Beach. The other sixteen ministers add little strength to the government and carry no weight in the country. Reconstruction is in the air.

ARNOLD WHITE.

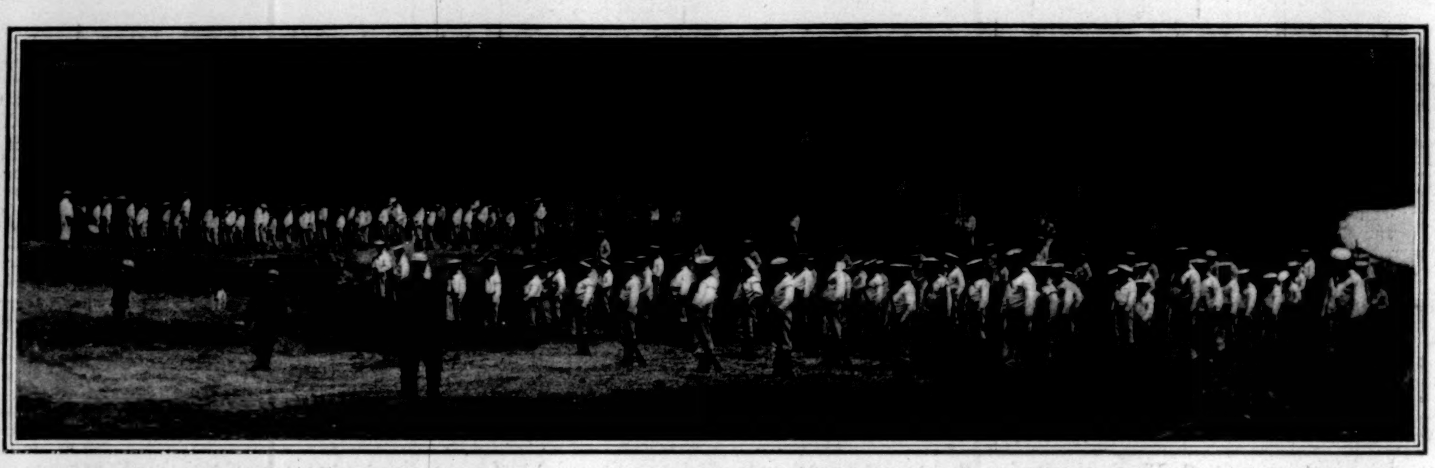
The Poet's Dilemma

I'VE an ending for a poem
That I cannot seem to start;
It would please a Hoosier poet
To the bottom of his heart.
I have tried and tried to work it,
But it's clearly no avail;
It's "the drumming of the partridge
And the whistle of the quail."

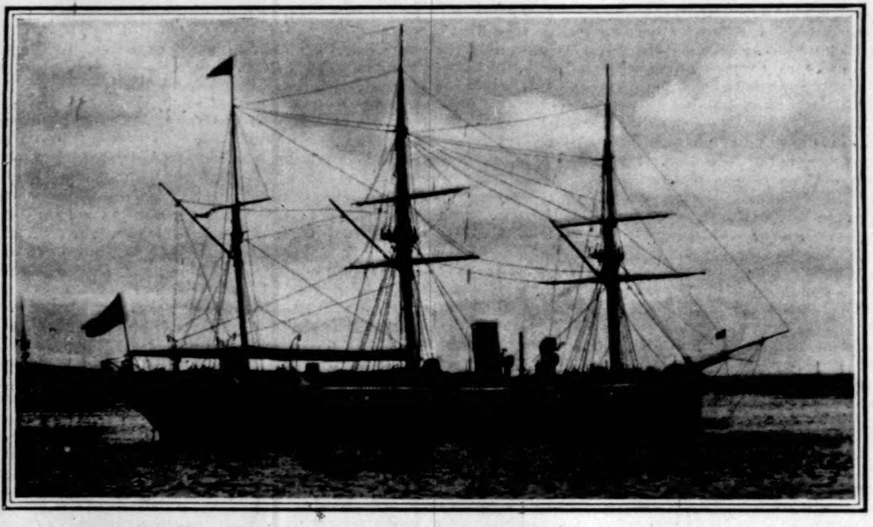
You can fancy how he'd take it,
And he'd marshal all the birds
For their yearly journey southward
(How he'd find the fittest words!),
And he'd say that they were flying
Over hill and over dale,
To the drumming of the partridge
And the whistle of the quail.

But for me the lines are useless,
So I'm going to take my gun,
And I'll hasten to the woodland—
It's a duty to be done.
There I'll quickly make an ending—
As to start I seem to fail—
To the drumming of the partridge
And the whistle of the quail.

CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS.



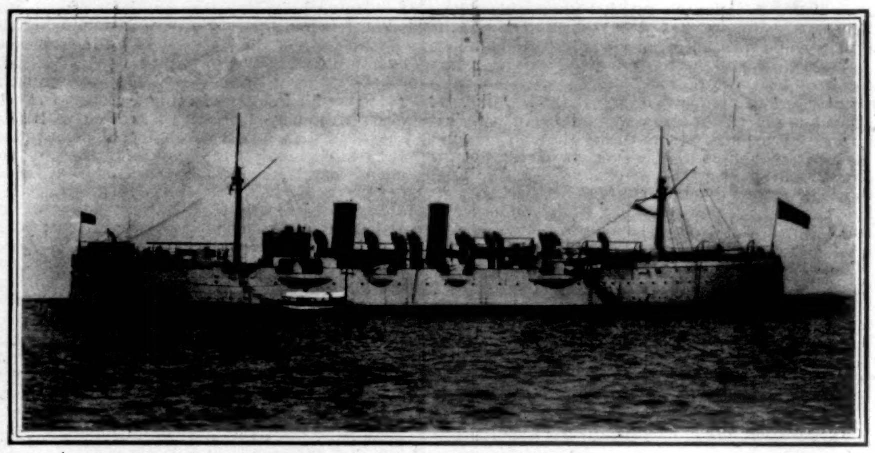
BATTALION OF BLUEJACKETS FROM U. S. S. "PHILADELPHIA" ASHORE.



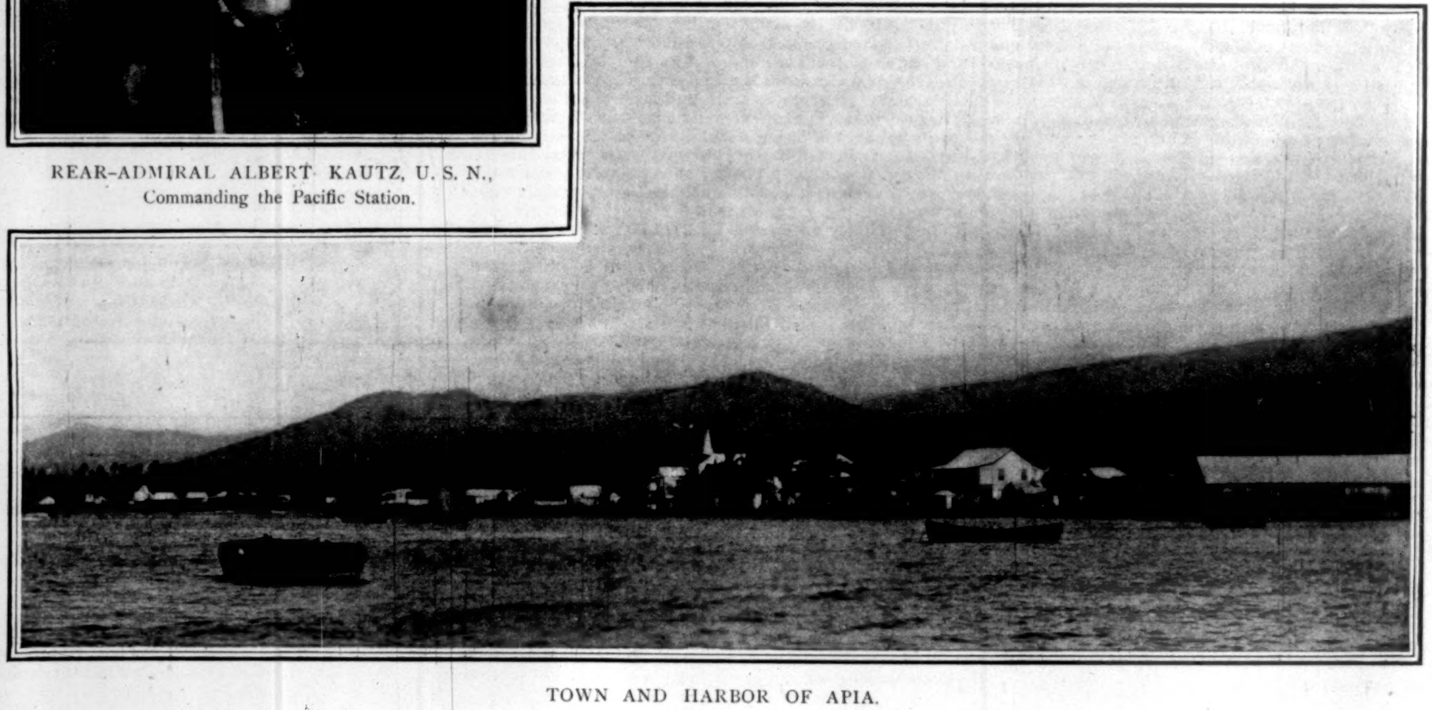
H. M. S. "ROYALIST."

A NATIVE VILLAGE.

REAR-ADMIRAL ALBERT KAUTZ, U. S. N.,
Commanding the Pacific Station.

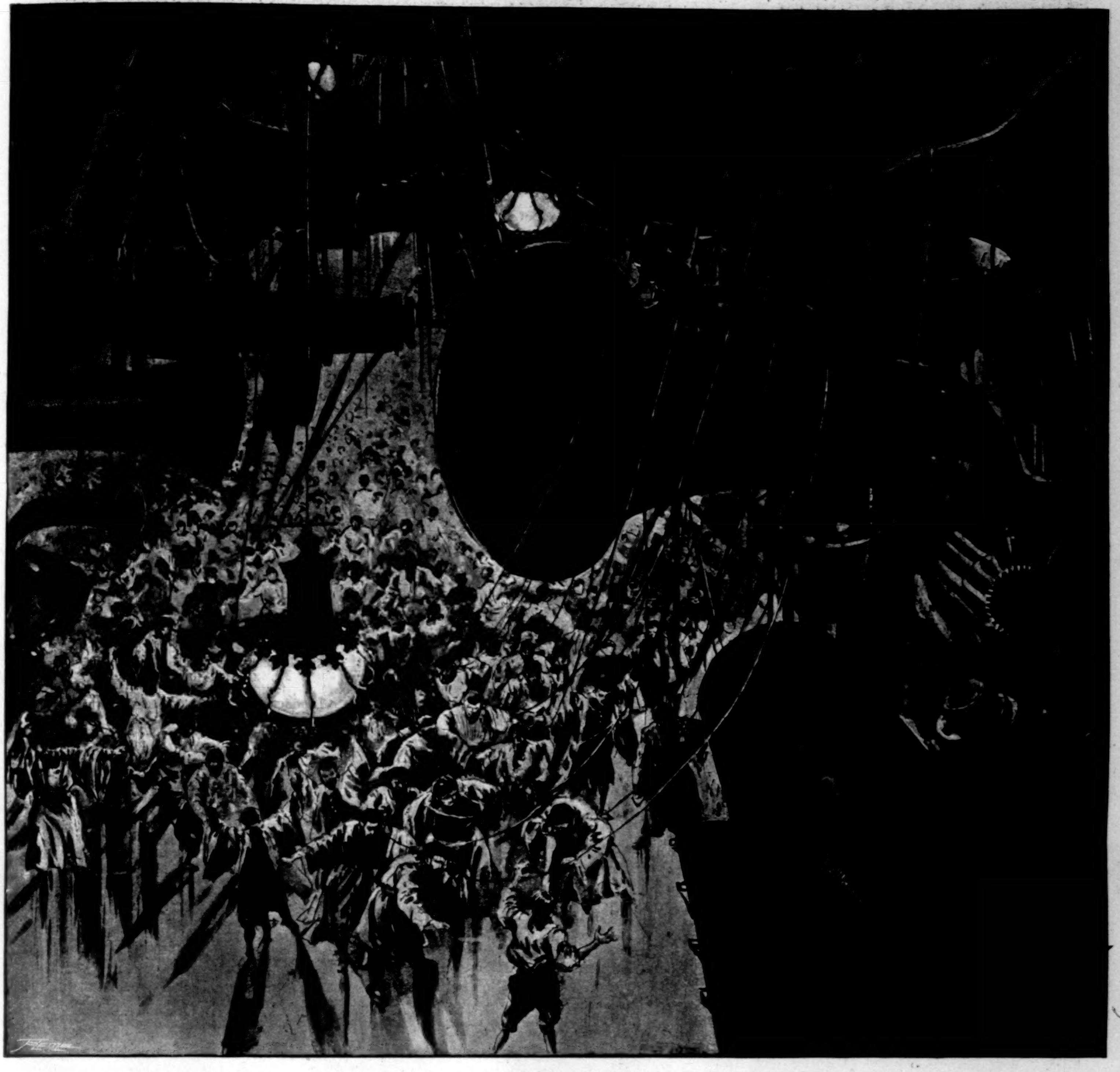


U. S. S. "PHILADELPHIA."



TOWN AND HARBOR OF APIA.

SAMOA—PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE SCENES OF THE RECENT FIGHTING.—[SEE PAGE 348.]



When the Sleeper Wakes*

By H. G. Wells

Author of "The War of the Worlds," "The Invisible Man," "Thirty Strange Stories," etc.

CHAPTER XX.—(*Continued.*)

BEYOND this place they came into a crowded hall, and he discovered the cause of the noise that had perplexed him. They paused at a turnstile, at which a payment was made.

Graham's attention was immediately arrested by a violent loud hoot, followed by a vast leathery voice. "The Master is sleeping peacefully," it vociferated. "He is in excellent health. He is going to devote the rest of his life to aeronautics. He says women are more beautiful than ever. Haha! Our wonderful civilization astonishes him beyond measure. Beyond all measure. Haha! He puts great trust in Boss Ostrog; absolute confidence in Boss Ostrog. Ostrog is to be his chief minister; is authorized to remove or reinstate public officers—all patronage will be in his hands. All patronage in the hands of Boss Ostrog! The Councillors have been sent back to their own prison above the Council House."

Graham stopped at the first sentence, and looking up, beheld a foolish trumpet face, from which this was brayed. This was the General Intelligence Machine. For a space it seemed to be gathering breath, and a regular throbbing from its cylindrical body was audible. Then it trumpeted, "Galloop, galloop!" and broke out again:

"Paris is now pacified. All resistance is over. Haha! The black police hold every position of importance in the city. They fought with great bravery, singing songs written in praise of their ancestors by the poet Kipling. Once or twice they got out of hand, and tortured and mutilated wounded and captured insurgents, men and women. Moral—don't go rebelling. Haha! Galloop, galloop! They are lively fellows. Let this be a lesson to the disorderly banderlog of the city. Galloop, galloop!"

The voice ceased. There was a confused murmur of disapproval among the crowd. "Damned niggers!' A man began to harangue near them: "Is this the Master's doing, brothers? Is this the master?"

"Black police!" said Graham. "What is that? You don't mean—"

Asano touched his arm and gave him a warning look, and forthwith another of these mechanisms screamed deafeningly and gave tongue in a shrill voice: "Yahahah, yahah, yap! Hear a live paper yelp! Live paper. Yaha! Shocking outrage in Paris. Yahahah! The Parisians exasperated by the black police to the pitch of assassinating them. Dreadful reprisals. Savage times come again. Yaha!" The nearer Babble Machine hooted stupendously, "Galloop, galloop!" drowned the end of the sentence, and proceeded in a rather flatter note than before with novel comments on the horrors of disorder. "Law and order must be maintained," said the nearer Babble Machine.

"But—" began Graham.

"Don't ask questions here," said Asano, "or you will be involved in an argument."

"Then let us go on," said Graham, "for I want to know more of this."

As he and his companion pushed their way through the excited crowd that swarmed beneath these voices, towards the exit, Graham conceived more clearly the proportion and features of this room. Altogether, great and small, there must have been nearly a thousand of these erections, piping, hooting, bawling, and gabbling in that great space, each with its crowd of excited listeners, the majority of them men dressed in blue canvas. There were all sizes of machines, from the little gossiping mechanisms that chuckled out mechanical sarcasm in odd corners, through a number of grades, to such fifty-foot giants as that which had first hooted over Graham.

This place was unusually crowded, because of the intense public interest in the course of affairs in Paris. Evidently the struggle had been much more savage than Ostrog had represented it. All the mechanisms were discoursing upon that topic, and the repetition of the people made the huge hive buzz with such phrases as "Lynched policemen," "Women burnt alive," "Fuzzy wuzzy."

"But does the Master allow such things?" asked a man near him. "Is *this* the beginning of the Master's rule?"

Is *this* the beginning of the Master's rule? For a long time after he had left the place the hooting, whistling, and braying of the machines pursued him, Galloop, Galloop, Yahaha, Yaha, Yap!

As soon as they were out upon the ways he began to question Asano closely on the nature of the Parisian struggle. "This disarmament! What was their trouble? What does it all mean?"

Asano seemed chiefly anxious to reassure him that it was "all right."

"But these outrages!"

"You cannot have an omelet," said Asano, "without breaking eggs. It is only the rough people. Only in one part of the city. All the rest is all right. The Parisian laborers are the wildest in the world, except ours."

"What! the Londoners?"

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 2194.

"No; the Japanese. They have to be kept in order."

"But burning women alive!"

"A Commune!" said Asano. "They would rob you of your property. They would do away with property and give the world over to mob rule. You are Master; the world is yours. But there will be no Commune here. There is no need for black police here."

"I did not think—" began Graham, and stopped abruptly. He went off at a tangent to ask for information about these Babble Machines. For the most part, the crowd present had been shabbily or even raggedly dressed, and Graham learnt that, so far as the more prosperous classes were concerned, in all the more comfortable private apartments of the city were fixed Babble Machines that would speak when a lever was pulled. The tenant of the apartment could connect this with the cables of any of the great News Syndicates that he preferred. When he learnt this presently, he demanded the reason of their absence from his own suite of apartments.

Asano stared. "I never thought," he said. "Ostrog must have had them removed."

"They must be replaced as soon as I return," said Graham.

He found a certain difficulty in understanding that both this news-room and the dining-hall were not great central places; that such establishments were repeated almost beyond counting all over the city. But ever and again, during the night's expedition, his ear, in some new quarter, would pick out from the tumult of the ways the peculiar hooting of the organ of Boss Ostrog, "Galloop, galloop!" or the shrill "Yahaha, yaha, yap! Hear a live paper yelp!" of its chief rival.

Repeated too everywhere were such *crèches* as the one he now entered. It was reached by a lift, and by a glass bridge that flung across the dining-hall and traversed the ways at a slight upward angle. To enter the first section of the place necessitated the use of his solvent signature under Asano's direction. They were immediately attended to by a man in a violet robe and gold clasp—the insignia of practising medical men. He perceived from this man's manner that his identity was known, and proceeded to ask questions on the strange arrangements of the place without reserve.

On either side of the passage, which was silent and padded, as if to deaden the footfall, were narrow little doors, their size and arrangement suggestive of the cells of a Victorian prison. But the upper portion of each door was of the same greenish transparent stuff that had enclosed him at his awakening, and within, dimly seen, lay, in every case, a very young baby in a little nest of wadding. Elaborate apparatus watched the atmosphere, and rang a bell far away in the central office at the slightest departure from the optimum of temperature and moisture. A system of such *crèches* had almost entirely replaced the hazardous adventures of the old-world nursing. The attendant presently called Graham's attention to the wet-nurses—a vista of mechanical figures, with arms, shoulders, and breasts of astonishingly realistic modelling, articulation, and texture, but mere brass tripods below, and having in the place of features a flat disk bearing advertisements likely to be of interest to mothers.

Of all the strange things that Graham came upon that night, none jarred more upon his habits of thought than this place. The spectacle of the little pink creatures, their feeble limbs swaying uncertainly in vague first movements, left alone, without embrace or endearment, was wholly repugnant to him. The attendant doctor was of a different opinion. His statistical evidence showed beyond dispute that in the Victorian time the most dangerous passage of life was the arms of the mother, that there human mortality had ever been most terrible. On the other hand, this *crèche* company, the International Crèche Syndicate, lost not one-half per cent. of the million babies or so that formed its peculiar care. But Graham's prejudice was too strong even for these figures.

Along one of the many passages of the place they presently came upon a young couple in the usual blue canvas, peering through the transparency, and laughing hysterically at the bald head of their first-born. Graham's face must have showed his estimate of them, for their merriment ceased and they looked abashed. But this little incident accentuated his sudden realization of the gulf between his habits of thought and the ways of the new age. He passed on to the crawling-rooms and the kindergarten, perplexed and distressed. He found the endless long play-rooms were empty: the latter-day children at least still spent their nights in sleep. As they went through these the little officer pointed out the character of the toys—developments of those devised by that inspired sentimentalist Froebel. There were nurses here, but much was done by machines that sang and danced and dandled.

Graham was still not clear upon many points. "But so many orphans!" he said, perplexed, reverting to a first misconception, and learnt again that they were not orphans.

So soon as they had left the *crèche* he began to speak of the horror the babies in their incubating-cases had caused him. "Is motherhood gone?" he said. "Was it a cant? Surely it was an instinct. This seems so unnatural—abominable almost."

"Along here we shall come to the dancing-place," said Asano, by way of reply. "It is sure to be crowded. In spite of all the political unrest it will be crowded. The women take no great interest in politics, except a few here and there. You will see the mothers—most young women in London are mothers. As for motherhood! They still take an immense pride in the children—if they are nice. They come here to look at them quite often."

The air was suddenly dancing with music, and down a way they approached obliquely, set with gorgeous pillars, as it seemed, of clear amethyst, flowed a concourse of gay people and a tumult of merry cries and laughter. He saw curled heads, wreathed brows, and a happy intricate flutter of gamboge passed triumphant across the picture.

"You will see," said Asano, with a faint smile, "the world has changed. In a moment you will see the mothers of the new age. Come this way. We shall see them yonder again very soon."

They ascended a certain height in a swift lift, and changed to a slower one. As they went on, the music grew upon them, until it was near and full and splendid, and, moving with its glorious intricacies, they could distinguish the beat of innumerable dancing feet. They made a payment at a turnstile, and emerged upon the wide gallery that overlooked the dancing-place, and upon the full enchantment of sound and sight.

"Here," said Asano, "are the fathers and mothers of the little ones you saw."

The hall was not so richly decorated as that of the Atlas, but, saving that, it was, for its size, the most splendid Graham had seen. The beautiful white-limbed figures that supported the galleries reminded him once more of the restored magnificence of sculpture; they seemed to writhe in engaging attitudes; their faces laughed. The source of the music that filled the place was hidden, and the whole vast shining floor was thick with dancing couples. "Look at them," said the little officer. "See how much they show of motherhood."

The gallery they stood upon ran along the upper edge of a huge screen that cut the dancing-hall on one side from a sort of outer hall that showed through broad arches the incessant onward rush of the city ways. In this outer hall was a great crowd of less brilliantly dressed people, as numerous almost as those who danced within, the great majority wearing the blue uniform of the Labor Company that was now so familiar to Graham. Unable to pass the turnstiles to the festival, they were yet unable to keep away from the sound of its seductions. Some of them had even cleared spaces, and were dancing also, fluttering their rags in the air. Some shouted as they danced—jests and odd allusions Graham did not understand. Once some one began whistling the refrain of the revolutionary song, but it seemed as though that beginning was promptly suppressed. The corner was dark, and Graham could not see. He turned to the hall again. Great black festoons and eloquent sentiments re-enforced the huge inscription that partially defaced the upper end of the dancing-place, and asserted that "The Festival of the Awakening" was in progress.

"Myriads are taking holiday or staying from work because of that, quite apart from the laborers who refuse to go back," said Asano. "These people are always ready for holidays. And of course no one blames them. What is life for but pleasure?"

Graham walked to the parapet and stood leaning over, looking down at the dancers. Save for two or three remote whispering couples, who had stolen apart, he and his guide had the gallery to themselves. A warm breath of scent and vitality came up to him. Both men and women below were lightly clad, bare-armed, open-necked, as the universal warmth of the city permitted. Many of the women were pretty, and all were dressed with elaborate coquetry.

"What sort of people are these?" he asked, abruptly.

"Workers—prosperous workers. What you would have called the middle class. Independent tradesmen with little separate businesses have vanished long ago, but there are store-servers, managers, engineers of a hundred sorts. To-night is a holiday, of course, and every dancing-place in the city will be crowded, and every place of worship."

"But—the women?"

"The same. There are a thousand forms of work for women now. But you had the beginning of the independent working-woman in your days. Most women are independent now. Most of these are married more or less, and that gives them more money, and enables them to enjoy such delights as these."

"I see," said Graham, looking at the flushed faces, the flash and swirl of movement, and still thinking of that nightmare of pink, helpless limbs. "And these are—mothers?"

"Most of them."

Graham stood looking down.

"The more I see of these things," he said, "the more complex I find your problems. This, for instance, is a surprise. That news from Paris was a surprise."

In a little while he spoke again:

"These are mothers. Presently, I suppose, I shall get into the modern way of seeing things. I have old habits of mind clinging about me—habits based, I suppose, on needs that are over and done with. Of course, in our time, a woman was supposed not only to bear children, but to cherish them, to devote herself to them, to educate them—all the essentials of moral and mental education a child owed to its mother. Or went without. Quite a number, I admit, went without. Nowadays, clearly, there is no more need for such care than if they were butterflies. I see that! Only there was an ideal—that figure of a grave, patient woman, silently and serenely mistress of home, mother and maker of men—to love her was a sort of worship—" He stopped, and repeated, "A sort of worship."

"Ideals change," said the little man, "just as needs change."

Graham awoke from an instant reverie, and Asano repeated his words. Graham's mind returned to the things at hand.

"Of course I see the perfect reasonableness of this. Restraint, soberness, the matured thought, the unselfish act—they are necessities of the barbarous state, the life of dangers. Dourness is man's tribute to unconquered nature. But man has conquered nature now for all practical purposes—his political affairs are managed by bosses with a black police—and life is joyous." He looked at the dancers again. "Joyous," he said.

"There are weary moments," said the little officer, reflectively.

"They all look young. Down there I should be visibly the oldest man. And in my own time I should have passed as middle-aged."

"They are young. There are few old people in this class in the work cities."

"How is that?"

"Old people's lives are not so pleasant as they used to be, unless they are rich enough to hire lovers and helpers. And we have an institution called Euthanasy."

"Euthanasy!" said Graham. "The easy death?"

"The easy death. It is the last pleasure. The Euthanasy Company does it well. People will pay the sum—it is a costly thing—long beforehand, go off to some pleasure city, and return impoverished and weary, very weary."

"There is a lot left for me to understand," said Graham, after a pause. "Yet I see the logic of it. I see the logic of it all. As you say, what pleasure is there in life but pleasure? It's clear—and it's unsympathetic. All our array of angry virtues and sour restraints was the offspring of danger and insecurity. The Stoic, the Puritan, even in my time, were vanishing types. In the old days man was armed against Pain; now he is eager for Pleasure. There lies the difference. Civilization has driven Pain and Danger so far off—for well-to-do people. And only well-to-do people matter. I have been asleep two hundred years."

For a minute they leaned on the balustrading, following the intricate evolutions of a dance; and indeed the scene was very beautiful.

"I am King of this world," said Graham, suddenly. "And, before God, I would rather be a wounded sentinel freezing in the snow than one of these dancing fools!"

He turned abruptly on the little officer, and was half surprised to meet an answering light in the sloping eyes. "When one is grieved," said Asano, thoughtfully, "one thinks like that—even in these days."

"I am uncivilized," said Graham. "That is the trouble. I am primitive—Palæolithic. *Their* fountain of rage and fear and anger is sealed and closed; the habits of a lifetime make them cheerful and easy and delightful. You must bear with my nineteenth-century shocks and disgusts. These people, you say, are skilled workers, and so forth. "And while these dance, men are fighting—men are dying in Paris to keep the world—that they may dance."

"For that matter, men are dying in London," said Asano.

There was a moment's silence.

"Where do these sleep?" asked Graham.

"Above and below—an intricate warren."

"And where do they work? This is—the domestic life."

"You will see little work to-night. Half the workers are out or under arms. Half these people are keeping holiday. But we will go to the work-places if you wish it."

For a time Graham watched the dancers, then suddenly turned away. "I want to see the workers. I have seen enough of these," he said.

Asano led the way along the gallery across the dancing-hall. Presently they came to a transverse passage that brought a breath of fresher, colder air.

Asano glanced at this passage as they went past, stopped, went back to it, and turned to Graham with a faint smile. "Here, sire," he said, "is something—will be familiar to you at least—and yet— But I will not tell you. Come!"

He led the way along a closed passage that presently became cold. The reverberation of their feet told that this passage was a bridge. They came into a circular gallery that was glazed in from the outer weather, and so reached a circular chamber which seemed familiar, though Graham could not recall distinctly when he had entered it before. In this was a ladder—the first ladder he had seen since his awakening—up which they went, and came into a high, dark, cold place, in which was another, almost vertical ladder. This they ascended, Graham still perplexed. But at the top he understood, and recognized the metallic bars to which he clung. He was in the cage under the ball of St. Paul's. The dome rose but a little way above the general contours of the city into the still twilight, and sloped away, shining greasily under a few distant lights, into a circumambient ditch of darkness.

Out between the bars he looked upon the wind-clear northern sky, and saw the starry constellations all unchanged. Capella hung in the west, Vega was rising, and the seven glittering points of the Great Bear swept overhead in their stately circle about the pole.

He saw these stars in a clear gap of sky. To the east and south the great circular shapes of complaining wind-wheels blotted out the heavens, so that the glare about the Council House was hidden. To the southwest he saw Orion like a pallid ghost through the tracery of iron-work and interlacing shapes, overhanging a dazzling coruscation of lights about the aeroplane stages. A bellowing and siren screaming that came therefrom warned the world that one of these appliances was ready to start. He remained for a space gazing towards that brilliance. Then his eyes went back to the northward constellations.

For a long time he was silent. "This," he said at last, smiling in the shadow, "seems the strangest thing of all. These old, familiar, silent, shining stars!"

And thence Graham was taken along devious ways to the great gambling and business quarters, where the bulk of the fortunes in the city were lost and made. It impressed him as a wellnigh interminable series of very high halls, surrounded by tiers upon tiers of galleries, into which opened thousands of offices, and traversed by a complicated multitude of bridges, footways, aerial motor rails, and trapeze and cable leaps. And here, more than anywhere, the note of vehement vitality, of uncontrollable, hasty activity, rose high. Everywhere was violent advertisement, until his brain swam at the tumult of light and color. And Babble Machines of a peculiar rancid tone were abundant, and filled the air with strenuous squealing and an idiotic slang: "Skin your eyes and slide." "Gewhoop, Bonanza," "Gollipers, come and hark!" The place seemed to him to be dense with people, either dreadfully agitated or swelling with obscure cunning, yet he learnt that the place was comparatively empty, that the great political convulsion of the last few days had reduced transactions to an unprecedented minimum. In one huge place were long avenues of roulette tables, each with an excited, undignified crowd about it; in another a yelping babel of white-faced women and red-necked, leathery-lunged men bought and sold the shares of an absolutely fictitious business undertaking, which, every five minutes, paid a dividend of ten per cent., and cancelled a certain proportion of its shares by means of a lottery wheel. These business activities were prosecuted with an energy that readily passed into violence, and Graham, approaching a dense crowd, found at its centre a couple of prominent merchants in violent controversy with teeth and nails on some delicate point of business etiquette. Something still remained in life to be fought for. Further, he had a shock at a vehement announcement in phonetic letters of scarlet flame, each twice the height of a man, that "WE ASSURE THE PROPRIETOR. WE ASSURE THE PROPRIETOR."

"Who's the proprietor?" he asked.

"You."

"But what do they assure me?" he asked. "What do they assure me?"

"Didn't you have assurance?"

Graham thought. "Insurance?"

"Yes—insurance—I remember that was the older word. They are insuring your life. Dozands of people are taking out policies; myriads of lions are being put on you. And further on other people are buying annuities. They

do that on everybody who is at all prominent. Look there!"

A crowd of people surged and roared, and Graham saw a vast black screen suddenly illuminated in still larger letters of burning purple: "Anuetes on the Propraitor—†5 pr. G." The people began to boo and shout at this; a number of hard-breathing, wild-eyed men came running past, clawing with hooked fingers at the air. There was a furious crush about a little doorway.

Asano did a brief calculation. "Seventeen per cent. per annum is their annuity on you. They would not pay so much per cent. if they could see you now, sire. But they do not know. Your own annuities used to be a very safe investment, but now you are sheer gambling, of course. This is probably a desperate bid. I doubt if people will get their money."

The crowd of would-be annuitants grew so thick about them that for some time they could not move, neither forward nor backward. Graham noticed what appeared to him to be a high proportion of women among the speculators, and was reminded again of the economic independence of their sex. They seemed remarkably well able to take care of themselves in the crowd, using their elbows with particular skill—as he learnt to his cost. One curly-headed person caught in the pressure for a space looked steadfastly at him several times, almost as if she recognized him, and then, edging deliberately towards him, touched his hand with her arm in a scarcely accidental manner, and made it plain by a look as ancient as Chaldean that he had found favor in her eyes. And then a lank, gray-bearded man, perspiring copiously in a noble passion of self-help, thrust between them in a cataclysmal rush towards that alluring "†5 pr. G."

"I want to get out of this," said Graham to Asano. "This is not what I came to see. Show me the workers. I want to see the people in blue. These parasitic lunatics—"

He found himself wedged in a struggling mass of people, and the hopeful sentence went unfinished.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WHO DISCOVERED THE KLONDIKE?

By Tappan Adney, Special Correspondent of "Harper's Weekly"

II.

ANOTHER man than Henderson would have been discouraged. He was still entitled, according to the custom and usage prevailing on the Canadian side, to his discovery claim on Gold Bottom, and as discoverer he was entitled to still another. On the other fork just spoken of he was entitled to a discovery claim and one more. He staked all four of these. The ice was commencing to form. Having made his clean-up and divided the money, he started to record. On the way he met Andy Hunker, who told him he had made a discovery on the same creek where Henderson made his second discovery, and he thought Henderson would not be able to hold discovery there. The whole creek was now called Hunker Creek, and Gold Bottom was a fork of Hunker Creek. Hunker had found the splendid prospect of three dollars to the pan. Henderson, therefore, being uncertain, and seeing the latter was probably richer, staked No. 3 above Hunker's discovery, which was two miles below his own. A discovery had been made by Solomon Marpak on Bear Creek, which enters Klondike between Hunker and Bonanza. Being entitled to a location here also, Henderson staked another claim. When he reached Forty Mile and applied to record, he learned that the law had just been changed; that he could hold but one claim in the whole Klondike. So, as it seemed to be the best, he recorded No. 3 above on Hunker Creek. Henderson was sick all the following winter. In the spring, far from being disheartened by the ill luck that had befallen him, he went up the Klondike prospecting, finding some gold on Flat Creek, then known as "Too Much Gold" (by mistake in description a smaller stream below it was recorded as "Too Much Gold," and now bears that name). Returning, he went up to Stewart, making a discovery on Henderson Creek, which was named after him, and after going a long distance up Stewart River and staking a site at the mouth of the McQuesten, he returned. He applied to Ottawa for the grant of the town site, but his application was never answered.

From an injury he received on Indian River he was laid up, and started out of the country; but the steamer upon which he took passage was frozen in at Circle City, where he remained all winter under the doctor's care. He was in Dawson the summer of 1898, but was unable to work or to prospect as before. I met Henderson then, and was impressed by the earnestness of the man. I asked him if he was not discouraged by all that had happened. "No," replied he; "there are as rich mines yet to be discovered as any that have been found." I am not quite sure that he believed that, but it was characteristic of the man to say so. He was obliged to sell his Hunker claim for a fraction of its value.

Again, in Seattle, I saw Henderson. He had just come from Dawson. Unsuspicious and trusting, he had been robbed on the steamer of all the money he had—eleven hundred dollars. He had but one thing left. It was the golden square and myrtle leaves of the badge of the Yukon Order of Pioneers, of which he was a member. For some reason he insisted on pinning it himself to my vest, saying: "You keep this. I will lose it too. I am not fit to live among civilized men." He is now back at Aspen, Colorado, at the same mine he worked six years ago, before he went into the Yukon. The miners who knew have always given Henderson the credit that is due him. "Siwash George would be fishing yet at the mouth of the Klondike if it hadn't been for Bob Henderson," is what one may hear.

From the moment the discovery on Bonanza was known at Forty Mile, even the most trustworthy report of Mr. Ogilvie, who was making the survey of the boundary, left Henderson entirely out. Reason was obvious—nothing was told about Henderson. But in a recent speech in Victoria, Mr. Ogilvie used these words:

> The Klondike was prospected for forty miles up in 1887, without anything being found, and again in 1893, with a similar lack of result; but the difference is seen when the right course is taken, and this was led up to by Robert Henderson. This man is a born prospector, and you could not persuade him to stay on even the richest claim on Bonanza. He started up in a small boat to spend this summer and winter on Stewart River prospecting. This is the stuff the true prospector is made of, and I am proud to say he is a Canadian.*

Henderson himself sums it up in a letter that is almost pathetic: "That is all I have got after two and a half years' prospecting, living on meat straight."

HOW EL DORADO CAME TO BE STAKED AND NAMED

The large fork spoken of before came into Bonanza at No. 7 above Discovery, but none of the side gulches—or "pups," as they were called—were favored by the stampeders until Bonanza had been staked as far below and as far above Discovery as was considered, in the light of past experience, to be worth while. The middle of the creek was considered the best part. Obviously, as there was small time to prospect, chance predominated. But as soon as the first holes to bed-rock began to show a richness greater than anything ever known in the Yukon, many of those who had staked blindly, as a mere speculation, without plan or knowledge, laughed, and all but cried, in their overflowing joy. Then, when the novelty of sudden wealth wore off, not a few began to think just as men do the world over. As the extent of the richness became more known, the more the wisdom they displayed in picking out such choice locations became evident to themselves. They looked wise when the chechahko arrived, and tapped their heads with their finger, so to speak, as if to say that any one might have had as good as they if they had known where to look. There is no end of stories of the curious luck that accompanied the filling up of Bonanza and El Dorado. The following account of how El Dorado came to be staked has more interest than ordinary in that it is told by one who was not only one of the first who staked there, but also who supplied the readers of HARPER'S WEEKLY with the first direct news and photographs from the new diggings—namely, William D. Johns. Mr. Johns was in the neighborhood of Forty Mile when word of Carmack's discovery arrived, and was one of those who did not believe in the truth of it. He was therefore not in the first stampede. Confirmation of the strike was daily being received.

"Bonanza was staked as far down as the 80's and as far up as the 70's, but I determined to go anyway and try some of the 'pups,' believing it is never too late in a camp as new as this.

"Fred Bruceth, the man with whom I planned to go, said it was no use. So when, on the morning of the day that we were to start from Forty Mile, we found that our boat had been stolen, he threw up his hands and refused to go. But upon inquiry I found that it was still possible for us to go. I found some men who owned a boat, and they told us that if certain parties to whom they had promised the use of it did not return in fifteen minutes we could take the boat.

"The men did not turn up, and in half an hour we were towing the boat up the Yukon. Only two weeks before we had passed the mouth of the Klondike and camped on the site of the present Dawson; at the very time Siwash George was making his discovery on Bonanza—of course unknown to us. On the third day we reached the mouth of the Klondike, and camped in our old camping-place, and the next morning, after making a cache of our supplies and taking a pack, we crossed the mouth of the Klondike to the Indian village (where Klondike City now is), and then took the trail which leads over the hills and along the ridge parallel with Bonanza—a trail that is used at times even now in preference to the more recent trail in the valley of the creek. After a hard tramp we reached Discovery in the afternoon. Siwash George and three Indians were working at the side of the bank, sluicing with two boxes in the crudest sort of way. I took a pan, and panned my first gold in Klondike, off the side of the bank, getting fifty cents. We went on to No. 3 above Discovery, and made camp under a brush shelter. That night two men; Antone (his full name is Antone Standard, an Austrian) and Frank Keller, whom we had seen before on the Yukon, came to our camp, and sat for an hour and a half talking. Antone told us their camp was farther up—on upper Bonanza, we inferred. They said they had found ten cents to the pan on upper Bonanza, and they advised us to try there.

"Next morning we took out packs, and with two others, Knut Halstead and John Ericson, two Norwegians, prospected along till we got into the 30's. There we left everything but picks, shovels, and pans, and went up into the 70's, a distance of rather more than seven miles from Discovery. We prospected as we went, but found nothing. The boys agreed in declaring that if the ground had not been already staked they would not take the trouble to do so themselves. We returned to camp, and decided that we would prospect the large 'pup' that came in just above on No. 7. Our attention had been drawn to this 'pup' before we got to Discovery, on the day of our arrival, by meeting two men going down the creek.

"They were of a party of four Miller Creek men. We had asked them, 'How's the creek?'

"'No good,' 'Skim diggings,' 'Bar diggings,' 'Moose flat,' were the answers received.

"'Did you stake on the creek?' we asked.

"'No,' they replied.

"'Where are Demars and Louis Empkins?' we asked, referring to the two other members of their party.

"'Oh, they have gone up a pup to stake.'

"'Why didn't you stake?'

"'Oh, to h—l with the pups!' was their answer as they went away down the creek.

"Pretty soon we met Demars and Empkins. 'Where have you been?' we asked.

"'On that pup,' they replied.

"'Any good?'

"'Don't know anything about it; as long as we were up, we thought we might as well stake somewhere,' and they hurried on after their companions. They were rich men, but they did not know it.

"Next morning, before we were ready to start, Keller came down to our camp dressed in corduroys, and with a rifle on his shoulder, as if he were starting out on a hunt. He inquired how we had made out. We told him we had found nothing. He still favored upper Bonanza; he thought it was all right. We asked him where his camp was; we had not seen it the day before. 'Over on the other side,' he replied, indicating the way, and we thought no more of it then. 'Where are you going to-day?' he asked us.

"'To prospect that pup,' I replied. 'Do you know anything about it?'

"'Oh, I found a five-cent piece* on rim-rock, about a mile up.'

"He left us. We still thought he was off on a little hunt.

"We started toward the 'pup.' When we reached the mouth, we followed the tortuous course of the stream. Fred Bruceth stopped and pointed to the brook.

"'Some one is working; the water is muddy,' said he.

"Like hunters who have scented game, we lapsed into silence, and, with eyes and ears alert, kept on. We had gone only a little ways, when suddenly we came upon four men. Three of them were standing around the fourth, who was holding a gold-pan. All were intently looking into the pan. The man with the pan was Antone, and the other three were J. J. Clements, Frank Phiscater, and old man Whipple. When they looked up and saw us, they acted like a cat caught in a cream-pitcher. Seeing that we had found them out, they loosened up and told us all they knew. They showed us then what they had in the pan. There was not less than fifty cents. While we were talking, along came Keller. He had taken off his corduroys and was in his working-clothes, his attempt to steer us away having been a failure. The five men had staked off their claims.† Antone's was the highest up the creek. Above his were the two claims that Empkins and Demar had staked.

"Antone told Ericson that he might have his claim, as he was going to take Discovery claim. We all went up to stake. Pretty soon Antone came, all a-sweating, and begged and pleaded with Ericson for his claim back, as the old man Whipple had declared that no one should have Discovery but himself. Ericson cut his name off the stakes, and Antone restaked the claim—the present No. 6 El Dorado. Ericson went above Empkins and Demars (7 and 8) and staked 10. Bruceth and I went up far enough to be out of the way of a clash, and staked, he taking 11, and I 12.

"Regarding the discovery, it was the custom in the lower country—not only on the American side, but within Canadian territory—to allow a discovery (consequently a double claim) upon each gulch. But the edict had recently gone forth from Forty Mile that there could be but one discovery on a creek, and none on a 'pup' of a main creek. The discovery had been allowed to Siwash George, so that there could be no discovery claim on El Dorado.

"Another custom was that if a person, after having staked in one place, wished to locate in another, he must, before he could hold the second, cut his name off the other stakes. Antone, Keller, *et al.* had already staked on upper Bonanza, and so might have been sincere in recommending that part of the creek as good. While according to old custom they might have held a discovery on El Dorado, they could not legally do so now. Consequently Halstead promptly jumped the so-called 'Discovery' claim that Whipple was trying to reserve for himself, still leaving him, however, with one claim on El Dorado, besides his Bonanza claim. He was stoutly trying to hold all three.

"A party of Finns soon came along, headed by a man named Cobb. They did not stake, but went on and turned up Bonanza. They were the only other persons on the creek that day. That night in camp we discussed naming the new creek. Old man Whipple wanted it called 'Whipple Creek.' But we were rather hot at the Whipple crowd for having used us so ill in trying to steer us away from the creek; and, besides, old man Whipple had tried once to jump Halstead and Ericson's claim on American Creek. After several names were mentioned, Knut Halstead suggested 'El Dorado,' and that was the name determined upon. I make this point, as certain later comers have claimed the honor of naming the creek.

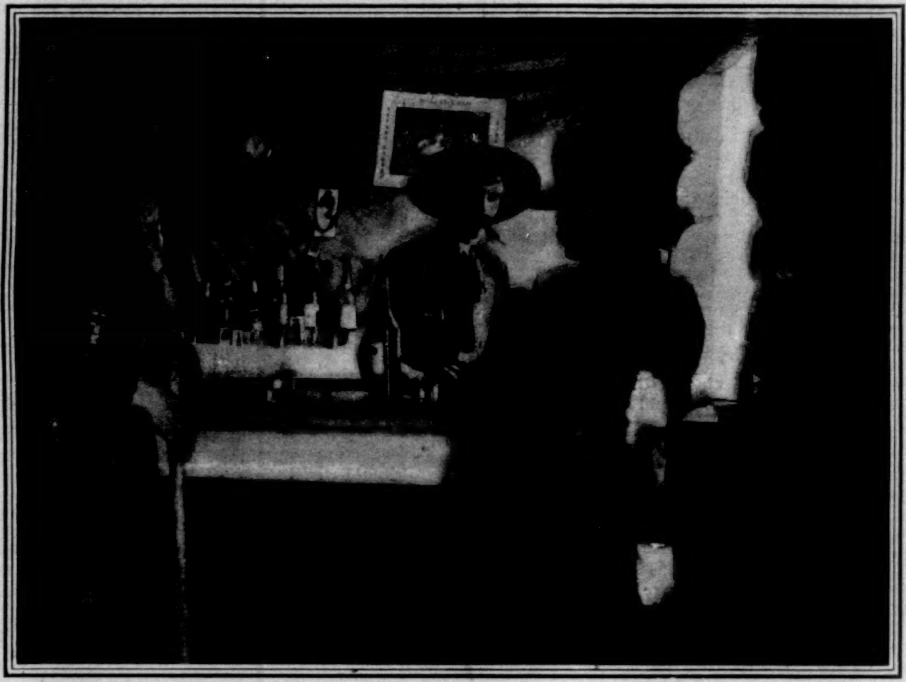
"Next morning Fred Bruceth got up at five o'clock and went down after McKay, whom the miners had appointed as their recorder, letting out the news on the way. Among the first to arrive were Cobb and his crowd. Hearing of the prospect, and knowing that the Whipple

* Extract from the Victoria *Colonist*, November 6, 1897.

* Five cents to the pan—scant wages.

† Whipple had taken No. 1; Phiscater, No. 2; Clements, No. 4; Keller, No. 5; and Antone, No. 6. No. 3 was called "Discovery" claim, the numbers above given being those assigned later. Empkins, in relating to me how he got in on El Dorado, said that he and his three companions had come up the "pup" and found Antone and the others, and they had a small prospect on the surface, but they were told it was not encouraging; on that account two of the party did not stake. Empkins sold a share in the claim to Fred Hutchinson, and last spring received one hundred thousand dollars for the remaining interest.

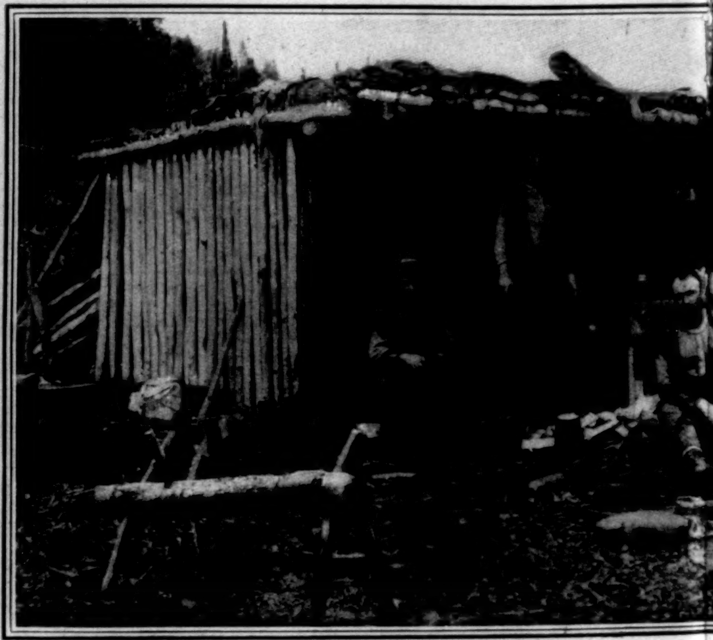
ON DAWSON'S MAIN STREET



A ROAD-HOUSE BAR.

PACK-TRAIN CARRYING GOLD FROM BONANZA CR

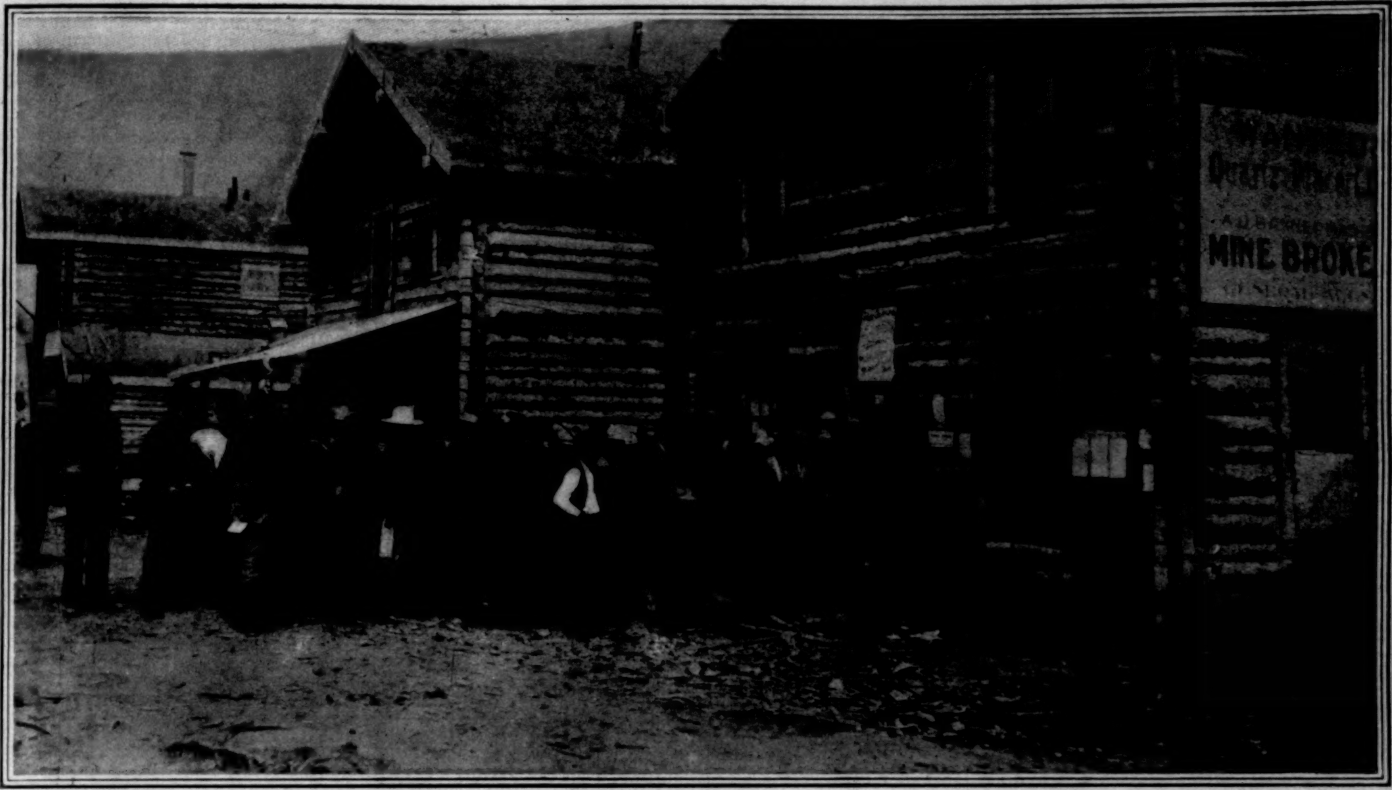
MINERS WAITING TO RECORD CLAIMS AT THE GOLD-COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE.



A TYPICAL MINER'S CABIN.

THE KLONDIKE COUNTRY—THE QUEST FOR

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TAPPAN ADNEY, SPECIAL CORRESPO

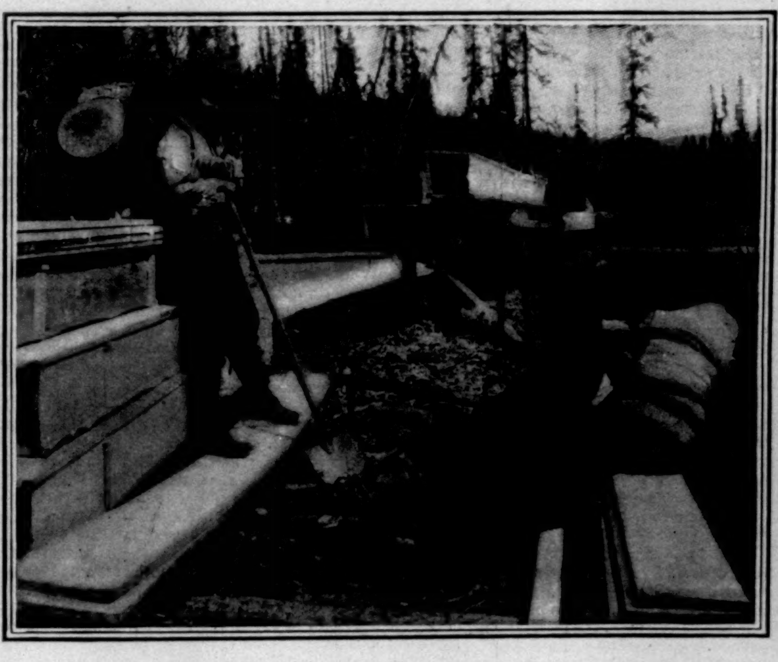


THE POST-OFFICE—WAITING FOR LETTERS FROM HOME.

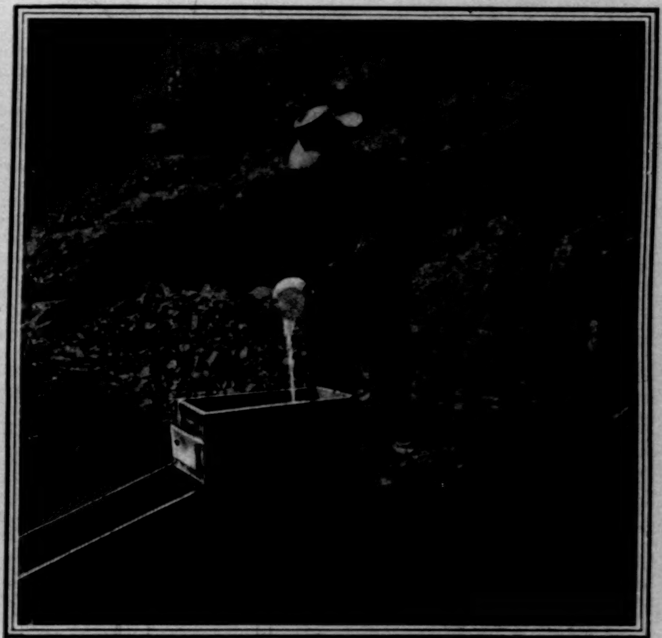
A CREEK

PROSPECTORS IN CAMP IN SUMMER.

AN ANXIOUS MOMENT—"HOW MUCH?"



SUMMER DIGGINGS—MAKING SLUICE-BOXES.



ROCKING FOR GOLD ON BENCH (OR HILL-SIDE) CLAIM.

OR GOLD, AND THE LIFE OF THE ARGONAUTS.

RRESPONDENT OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."—[SEE PAGE 341.]

crowd had staked Bonanza also, Cobb stated emphatically to Whipple that unless his crowd took their names off Bonanza, he would jump their claims here. Just then Antone, Clements, and Keller came up to where we were talking, and Bruceth and I, who felt that though they had tried to job us, yet they really had made the discovery, and were entitled to the ground, tried our best to persuade them to go up and cut off their names, or they would lose their El Dorado claims—they certainly could not hold both. Whipple kept insisting that they could. At this juncture Phiscater came along.

"He treated with disdain Cobb's threat to jump the claims, and said he would go and see the recorder. McKay arrived on the scene, and the recorder told them that if they cut their names off Bonanza, he would put their names down on the new creek. This Clements, Antone, and Keller did.

"The first of a gang of stampeders, who had come to Dawson on the steamer, arrived. Among these were William Scouse and William Sloan, who took 14 and 15. Some one staked 13 in a fictitious name, to try to hold for a friend, perhaps, and this was afterwards jumped by a man of the name of Hollingshead.

"We all went over to the creek, and began to measure and record.

"Cobb jumped Phiscater's claim, as he had not taken his name off Bonanza. The name of the creek was formally declared to be 'El Dorado,' as agreed upon at the meeting the night before.

"Cobb lost his claim, for Constantine decided that 'at the time he jumped there was plenty of as good ground farther up the creek, and that it was hoggish, to say the least, to jump ground where a discovery of gold had been made.' Had all the five claims been jumped, instead of only one, and this been done after the creek had been staked, there is a chance whether Antone, Keller, and company would not have lost their claims, to which they had not the slightest legal right until they had taken their names off Bonanza, and the reason that barred Cobb would not have applied to late comers, when there was no more ground on the creek above.

"The spot where the gold was discovered was, like the discovery on Bonanza, at the edge of the creek on the line of Nos. 2 and 3. It was taken from a cut in the bank, and was practically surface gold that had slid down from the old channel on the hill-side. It was nothing more or less than 'bench' gold, the existence of which was not even suspected at that time. From a hole eighteen inches deep in the creek-bed, and under water, as high as two dollars was taken out. Bed-rock, where the real richness lay, and the real creek-bed, was fifteen or sixteen feet below the surface, under muck and gravel.

"The next morning, at six o'clock, we started back, and reached the Indian village at one P.M., crossed over to our cache, and had dinner. Then we started for Forty Mile, which we reached at ten-thirty that night, and next day we recorded again, and finally at Constantine's office."

Johns, like so many others, little knew the value of the claim he had staked. After some days, a favorable report must have been received from the new diggings. He was offered $500 for the claim, and sold it to Knut Langlows and Mrs. Healy. One half was cash, the other half to be paid when bed-rock was reached. In the case of the man who staked 29, and played Charlie Anderson for an easy mark, he too simply judged Klondike values like others in that country. Those who sold were by no means fools. They simply had a chance to sell for a grub stake, which was about all a man usually got from a year's work. And if the truth were confessed, the reason why there were not more sales at that time was that there were few buyers. For this is what happened: first claims were of no value; then, as gold was found, they rose in value slowly first, then with great leaps. The seller would want, say, a thousand dollars; by the time the buyer found that it was really worth a thousand, the claim-owner had discovered it to be worth ten thousand; and when the buyer was willing to buy at that price, the value had jumped to twenty thousand, and so on. The buyers were just one lap behind the sellers.

No. 31 El Dorado was sold by the original staker for $100, $80 being cash. Within six months it sold for $31,000, and one year later the owner refused $150,000.

One-half of 30 El Dorado, it is said, was sold for a sack of flour. The owners, big Alec McDonald and Billy Chappel, did not think enough of it to work it themselves, but rather late in the season put it out on a lay, and took a lay themselves on another claim. The laymen struck it the first hole, and out of thirty burnings took out $40,000.

Antone went to Forty Mile after staking. He was short of grub, and wanted to work his claim. Ordinarily any man could get credit in the lower country, but when Antone applied to the Alaska Commercial Company, the temporary agent would not let him have it unless it was guaranteed. One Clarence Berry came forward, guaranteed Antone's bill, and received in return a one-half interest in the claim. Berry was sometimes spoken of as a "tin-horn gambler," was not supposed to have much money, and he was never called upon to make the guarantee good. It was whispered about the camp that the agent expected to profit by the transaction. As a matter of fact, he did not. Afterwards Antone and Berry bought controlling interests in Nos. 4 and 5, and a fraction between 5 and 6. Their group of claims became known, through the public press, as "the Berry claims," about which there was a little romance of a winter trip, a young bride, and nuggets by the handful.

The length of the claims here, as elsewhere in the Canadian Yukon, was five hundred feet, instead of one hundred feet allowed by the general law of Canada. The modification in favor of the larger claim was brought about in 1894 through the agency of Captain Constantine, who recognized that, on both sides of the international line, which crossed the heart of the Forty Mile diggings, mining conditions were precisely the same; indeed, the exact location line was unknown until 1896. On the American side the miners made their own laws, and might make the claim any length they chose, up to something over thirteen hundred feet; but upon nearly all the gulches it had been fixed at five hundred feet as the smallest claim that could be worked, at the same time being large enough to afford return for the labor of prospecting. At least five hundred feet was required to give a sufficient drop of water for the sluice-boxes. This wise act was one of many indications at that time of Canada's sincere desire to govern her growing territory in the best interests of the country and the miners.

Another right which the miners had under United States law was that of appointing their own recorder, usually one from their own number, and one recorder for each gulch. The Canadian system, however, provided one man in a mining district, appointed by Ottawa, whose sole business was to act as recorder, or gold commissioner. Where the diggings were near at hand, this was no great inconvenience, but where they were distant not less than sixty miles, as the new diggings of Klondike, the miners themselves were under the necessity of appointing a temporary recorder, as Mr. Johns has mentioned, so as to avoid the long trip, as well as to straighten out at once disputes that inevitably occur. They paid this recorder $2 for each claim, agreeing at the same time to pay to Captain Constantine in due season the $15 required by Canadian law.

When they began to measure the claims, by some trick a forty-foot rope was introduced, instead of a fifty-foot one. This had the effect of reducing the five-hundred-foot claims by fifty feet or more, which left fractions between that by this time were of great value. These were seized upon and staked the same as full claims, but upon the deception being found out, there was a big row, and Mr. William Ogilvie, the Canadian Boundary Commissioner, who happened to be in the country at the time locating the international line, was called from Forty Mile to settle the trouble. Mr. Ogilvie, being a magistrate, took testimony; the men confessed, were repentant, and were forgiven; and then Mr. Ogilvie made a partial survey of Bonanza and El Dorado. But many of the claims on Bonanza were short.

One of these short claims was not the fault of the official measurer. It was on lower Bonanza. I never found out just where, but it was staked by a Mounted Policeman. The creek winds very much there, and the valley is broad. He should have measured the five hundred feet in the direction of the valley, but he was not able to see the direction, perhaps on account of the thick woods, and followed the creek in its winding. When the surveyor came along and threw lines across the valley corresponding to his upper and lower stakes, the poor policeman, instead of having a claim, was in debt six feet.

One of the claims near Discovery on Bonanza was staked by Micky Wilkins. Micky was not one of those who were thrown into boats and brought along *nolens volens* from Forty Mile in the first stampede, but he *was* one of a party who actually did help tie a drunken man and throw him into the boat. Micky, like a wise man, sold out for a few hundred dollars. When they came to survey the claim, the new owner found only a few inches. I felt sorry for all who sold at the very start, until I met Micky.

A fraction of a claim would hardly seem worth having, at least except in ground like Klondike. No. 2 above was staked long. John Jacob Astor Dusel was a good miner, and he wanted to take in the mouth of Skookum Gulch. Dick Low put the tape to Dusel's claim and found it about eighty-five feet too long, and took a narrow slice directly opposite the mouth of Skookum. He did not think so much of it at the time. He wanted $900 for it. No one was so foolish as to pay that much for the narrow strip of ground. He tried to let it out on a lay, but no one wanted to work it for an interest. He had to work it himself, poor man! The first hole was put down by his present foreman, and he did not find a cent. Further account of what is probably the richest piece of ground in the whole Klondike must be left till later, when there are pack-horses to carry the gold down to Dawson.

On El Dorado the claims were almost all excessively long. It looked as if they were measured by guess while on the run, and then a lot more added to make sure. One fraction, 37 A, is four hundred and twenty feet long—almost a whole claim! Several are from one hundred to one hundred and sixty feet in length. Sometimes the second man has been in a hurry and not measured his fraction correctly, and a third man comes along and finds another tiny slice. Nothing was too small on El Dorado. There was one ten-foot fraction. It was thought to be worth ten to twenty thousand dollars. A thirteen-foot fraction was found next to 14. It was so narrow that the owner had to take a lay of thirty-seven feet on an adjoining claim in order to work it.

Nor was all the luck confined to the mines. A butcher by the name of "Long Shorty," otherwise Thorp, had driven in some cattle, and was trying to reach Forty Mile late in the fall, in the ice, with the meat on a raft. He was frozen in at the mouth of the Klondike, only to discover there a big mining camp. That beef was a godsend to the miners that winter. It is considered essential to prevent scurvy. Provisions were very scarce. The transportation company had not been able to bring enough up to supply the camp. Flour had to be freighted with dogs from Forty Mile, and sold at from forty to sixty dollars for a fifty-pound sack. Beef was one to two dollars a pound. Mining tools were scarce also, shovels bringing seventeen and eighteen dollars each. But wages were proportionately high—one dollar and a half to two dollars an hour for common labor, and often not to be had at that price. The price of wages corresponded to the opportunities afforded by prospecting.

The first hole to be put down by burning is credited to Skookum Jim. Pages could be filled with the finds that day by day were made on those claims that were worked that winter. The personage not unknown to fame, "Swiftwater Bill," with William Leggett and six others, took a lease, or lay, of 13 El Dorado. Seven holes were put down before the pay was struck, though many think there was pay in one of the first holes, and that they filled it up. At any rate, they asked the price—$45,000—bought the claim, paid $10,000 down, put in a rocker, and paid for the claim in six weeks.

On account of the distance to Forty Mile, sixty days were allowed in which to record. Any claims not recorded within the sixty days were open for relocation. There were several such claims, left vacant by men who considered them no good, and recorded elsewhere. Such a claim was No. 40 above on Bonanza. It was known to a large number that the claim was open, and a Mounted Policeman was there, with watch in hand to announce when exactly twelve o'clock midnight came. It was in January. There were several parties on foot, and two men who had dog outfits. Promptly at twelve o'clock all hands staked and started. Lereaux and a companion, Vaughan, ran to No. 48 above, where one team was waiting. Lowerie, the other dog-man, put down the trail on the run for Dawson, where an Indian with five or six dogs was in waiting. Lereaux had the same number. At Dawson they were not far apart. The men both had good dogs. But dogs are poor things to race with, as every one knows. A dog has no ambition to pass ahead, like a horse; he prefers to follow. Besides, when the trail is narrow, it is hard for one team to pass another. How they did manage to pass each other at all is a marvel, but it happened that every time they passed a cabin the leading team insisted on turning out, whereupon the hind team would seize the opportunity and dash by. It was a great advantage to have a man run ahead of the dogs. When they reached Forty Mile, Lowerie and the Indian were ahead. The recorder's office was across the creek, at Fort Cudahy. The Indian did not know this, or else the dogs determined to turn into Forty Mile. Lowerie saw the mistake, jumped from his sleigh, and made for the recorder's office on the dead run, with Lereaux just with him. Both men reached the office at the same moment, and fell against the door. They were both so exhausted that for a moment they could not say what they had come for. When they recovered sufficient breath to announce their business, Captain Constantine told them he would wait to see if there were others behind; and no one else coming, he divided the claim between them.

A detachment of Mounted Police came up to Dawson in the late winter or spring, bringing the record-books with them. The certificates of registry of that time were in manuscript, there being no printed blanks available. A military reservation was set apart between Ladue's town site and the Klondike River. A rectangle of log houses, for barracks, was built on a piece of ground somewhat higher than the general level of the flat, and facing the Yukon, and from a tall pole was set up the union-jack in the red flag of Great Britain.

The clean-up was already under way, and preparations being made for the summer ground-sluicing, when the river broke, and the new-comers, who had received the news from friends inside, began to pour in.

Wild scenes followed the clean-up. Men with never a penny to spare in their lives were suddenly made rich. There was no real disorder, no shootings, no hold-ups, none of the things associated in the popular mind with a real live mining-camp. Something in the Yukon air discourages all that. It could not be the presence of the police, for there are no police at Circle City, and a baker's dozen were at Dawson. Gold flowed, and when it would not flow it was sowed, literally sowed, broadcast over the sawdust floors, in drunken debauch, as if there was no end to the supply. Gold was panned out of the sawdust on the floors of the saloons; whole saloonfuls of men would be asked up to drink, at half a dollar a drink. Sometimes orders were given to call in the town, and then the bartender would go out into the street and call everybody in, and they would have to drink. Whenever one of the new millionaires was backward in treating, which was not often, the crowd—always a good-natured one—would forthwith pick him up by the legs and arms and swing him like a battering-ram against the side of the house until he cried out, "Enough," or, "I seen you first! I seen you first!" and the new millionaire had to treat. There had never been seen anything like it before, nor was anything quite to equal it the second year.

The afore-mentioned "Swiftwater Bill," whose chief claims to the attention of posterity seem to have been the way he "blew" in money, spent $40,000, and had to borrow $5000 to go outside with. His claim was good for it, though. He quarrelled with a woman, and observing her order eggs in a restaurant, he bought up every egg in town—at a cost of one dollar each.

How much gold came out of the ground that first summer can never be known. Two and one-half millions is probably not far from the mark. The richness of the fifteen miles reported by Mr. Ogilvie was much exaggerated. The pans of dirt that were washed out gave him reason for believing, upon computation, that there might be actually four million dollars in each claim. But these were not averages. Far, far from it. Even if they were, the enormous cost of working the richest, yet costliest, diggings in the Yukon was not taken into consideration as it should have been, and thus have prevented the iniquitous laws imposed by a Canadian cabinet, confessedly ignorant of the rudiments of gold placer mining, but who, like the rest of the world, lost their heads in contemplating the richness of this country.

Clements panned out of four pans $2000, the largest being reported at $775. Clarence Berry showed gold in bottles that he said represented, respectively, $560, $230, and $175 pans. There were many others like these. Of course they were picked and scraped off bed-rock, and did not represent average dirt. Five dollars, even one dollar, "straight," as it is called, would be enormously rich.

If pay streak were 100 feet wide and 3 feet deep, there would be 150,000 cubic feet, equal to, say, 675,000 pans of dirt. Think what an average of a dollar to the pan, or even twenty-five cents, would be! On some claims the streak is wider; on others, less.

One hundred and thirty thousand dollars came out of the Berry-Antone claims, 6 and the fraction. There were spots on Bonanza as rich as El Dorado, but not so even and regular. One thousand dollars to the foot is the top figure, on an average, for best of El Dorado, but the cost is one-third for taking it out.

The first year showed nuggets of all sizes up to one of $585 (estimated at 1 oz. = $17) from 36 El Dorado.

The fortunate ones started for civilization with their new wealth. Not all. Many remained to work their claims, and these, perhaps not less happy nor exultant, were not heard of outside in the excitement that accompanied the breaking of the good news to the world. The bulk of the gold, amounting to not over $1,200,000, went out, of course, down river, to St. Michael, where waited the good steamer *Portland* of the N. A. T. & T. Company, crowded with friends and relatives of the returning miners, who had sent word home of their coming. Others preferred the up-river trip, and in parties of three and five took to their poling-boats, and it was some of these, and still others, fleeing for their lives from the threatened famine, that we ourselves met on our way in last year.

Othniel Charles Marsh

Born in Lockport, New York, October 29, 1831.
Died in New Haven, Connecticut, March 18, 1899.

At a time when the average college professor, like the officers of our army near Manila a month ago, felt that it was about all he could do to hold his own—or, if we may carry the comparison a step further, to preserve the integrity of his command in a line which was stretched out, rather long and thin, to hold back forces of ignorance and lawlessness which threatened the capital—Professor Marsh led a vigorous advance into new fields of discovery, made important gains for the cause of science, and inspired with new courage every person enlisted in the Yale campaign of education. It was like the advance of the "provisional brigade" from San Pedro Macati to Pasig. Only one criticism of his achievements has been heard. It has been suggested in some quarters that a part of the work ascribed to him was done by his subordinates; that, with the large means at his disposal, he was able to buy talent; and that, as one of the despatches from New Haven puts it, "he chose his assistants with great skill."

In other words, he did not make his advance unaided and alone. Neither did General Wheaton.

Since 1860, the year of his graduation at Yale, his life was devoted to paleontological research under conditions which were favorable in a very high degree. The possession of an ample private fortune released him from the necessity of teaching. He did not draw a salary from his college, but, on the contrary, secured from Mr. George Peabody, his uncle, a large fund, of which a portion was used for the construction of the north wing of the Peabody

OTHNIEL CHARLES MARSH.

Museum at Yale. And the opportunity which he was enabled to seize was exceptional, to say the least, for when his life work began vast regions of this continent were a virgin field for geologic exploration. Thus ability, financial resources, and opportunity were most fortunately united in his experience. He never married, but linked his domesticity with his ambition, and when he built his attractive house in Prospect Street chose a site which commanded a view of the building in which his invaluable collections were stored. The occupation planned for those years which have not been granted to him, and to the world of science, was the description and arrangement of his treasures and the completion of the museum. It is an interesting circumstance that the full extent of his services cannot be estimated at present, for the reason that many specimens have not yet been classified or even unpacked. All of this material was given to Yale in January, 1898, and is now in charge of the trustees of the museum. That portion of it which has been displayed and described includes a large number of specimens of fossil animals which were either absolutely new to science or had never before been found in America. Of these the most sensational discoveries were, perhaps, the tiny ancestors of the horse, supplied with toes instead of a single compact hoof, and the fossil birds with teeth, and, for sheer bigness, the Dinosauria.

Professor Marsh's studies in mineralogy and paleontology were begun at the Sheffield Scientific School (1860–2) at New Haven, and continued for three years at German universities. In 1866 he became Professor of Paleontology at Yale, and a few years later led into the Rocky Mountain region the first of a series of scientific expeditions, which were fitted out at his own expense, and which were not always unattended with danger from hostile Indians. Learned bodies in all parts of the world honored themselves by honoring him with degrees and medals. In 1878 he was president of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, and from 1883 to 1896 served as president of the National Academy of Sciences.

M. W.

Our New Possessions—*Puerto Rico*

By William Dinwiddie, Special Correspondent of "Harper's Weekly"

REVENUES AND TAXES

A CURSORY glance at the revenue system of Puerto Rico and a comparison of the annual amount raised with the population would not lead one to believe that the island inhabitants were heavily taxed, but careful study of the commercial and economic condition of affairs reveals the fact that the lightness of the burden is only apparent.

In 1897–8 the Official Budget of the island shows a gross revenue of almost 4,000,000 pesos, and an expenditure of something over 3,500,000, or a surplus of nearly 500,000 pesos. Granting the population to be over 800,000 people, the actual central government tax (exclusive of district and municipal taxes) is less than five pesos per capita, as against over $7 per capita in the United States in 1898. It must be remembered, however, that the earning capacity of the poorer 80 per cent. of our citizens is nearly five times as great per capita as in the same proportion of Puerto Rico's population, where the annual wages are a little above 75 pesos. The money in circulation per capita in the United States was $24 66 in 1898, while in Puerto Rico for the same year it was but 7¼ pesos. We import of dutiable articles (principally luxuries, purchased by the wealthy) but $5 66 per capita, and pay with these imposts, in normal times, one-third of our Federal expenses. In 1896 Puerto Rico imported of dutiable commodities (mainly necessities of life) 22½ pesos per capita, and paid one-half of the island expenses, or four times as much per head, in money valuation, with only a gain of a proportionate one-sixth in defraying the expenses of the government. We pay the rest of our government expenses principally by internal revenues, except in war-times, on luxuries, while the island raises hers by direct taxation on property, personal and real.

As the form of taxation in Puerto Rico and her relation to the home government was similar, in some phases, to that in vogue in our own States, we may compare her revenue proportionately to that of our wealthiest State, New York.

The State tax in New York averages, for State, county, and municipality, about $5 per capita—her state tax alone is about $2 50 for each person. The San Juan district of Puerto Rico in 1897 raised 598,483 pesos, while the Ponce district collected 287,754 pesos, and Mayaguez a little more than the latter. The writer is informed that, in round numbers, the revenue from the eight districts and seventy-one municipalities is nearly 2,000,000 pesos, which, added to the general revenue already mentioned, bring the total taxation up to 6,000,000 pesos, or some seven and a half pesos per capita. It should be remembered that Spain demanded, for the support of the central government twice as much money as it takes to support the cities and districts, while in New York the State requires but 14 per cent. for the total expenses, and the remainder is devoted to cities and counties.

Apparently the average yearly tax per head in New York ($15) is double that of the Puertoriqueño (seven and a half pesos), but, considering the greater tax-paying capacity of New-Yorkers, it may be shown that one person in every ten is employed in manufacturing industries alone, as laborer or skilled artisan, and receives an average yearly wage of $600, or $50 a month. For over eight-tenths of the population of Puerto Rico there is now no industrial opportunity, except as an agricultural laborer at the low wage of fifty or sixty centavos a day, and then but five months' work in the year. Of this proportion, which represents about six hundred and fifty thousand men, women, and children, not over two-fifths can earn this wage of seventy-five pesos a year. In New York one-tenth of the population supports one-fourth of the population with an aggregate wage of about $330,000,000, while in Puerto Rico a little less than one-third of the population supports over three-fourths of the population with a total wage of 19,500,000 pesos. It is difficult to imagine a more pitiable commercial and industrial condition.

One hundred and fifty thousand people pay the direct taxes of the island and the major portion of the imposts, the very poor people contributing their share only in a head tax, a market tax, and in the purchase of imported cottons and quinine. Less than fifty thousand estate-owners probably shoulder one-half the burden of the annual revenue, which would be nearly sixty pesos per capita.

Now as to the items in the island Budget: In 1897–8, 1,252,377 pesos were required for the army, 222,668 pesos for the navy and marine, 423,818 pesos for church and justice, 878,175 for public works, 260,800 for Hacienda, and 498,501 for general obligations—a total of 3,939,342 pesos. The total revenue was 3,939,500 pesos.

The army, navy, and Church cost the people 1,668,675 pesos (193,610 pesos went to the Church), or nearly one-half the expenses of the island, while for public improvements for a country in direst need of good roads, better harbors, and transportation facilities, but 875,175 pesos were appropriated, while even then a commensurate expenditure is not evident, the major portion having been expended upon the few military roads, in the salaries of care-takers and laborers. Included in Puerto Rico's obligations were expenses, divided proportionally among the colonies, for supporting the "Ultramar," or Colonial Ministry Department at Madrid, and in recent years a share of the expenses for carrying on the war with Cuba.

It is difficult to see that the taxes drawn from the sinews of the island were ever of any benefit to her people, the beneficiaries being a great corps of Spanish officials, clerks, soldier police (Orden Publico and Guardia Civil), and priests, who, when their pockets were silver-lined and opportunity offered, returned to the mother-country. It is true that the greater portion of the money was spent again in the island by the government's servants, but, even granting this as desirable, there yet remains the fact that the tax-paying public were supporting a vast army of rapacious, shiftless, and often vicious men, whose espionage was rather to be deplored, since it usually led to greater personal hardships.

About one-half the state tax was derived from customs duties; the remainder, from a stamp duty on all legal paper (which was sold by authorized officials) and legal documents, such as papers of legislation, corporation and all official business; a tax on transfers and sales of property and mortgages—one and a half per cent. on sales, one per cent. on mortgages; also a tax on wills, running from one-fourth to eight per cent., depending on the relationship between testator and heirs. It may be said here that the recorder of deeds had vested in him power of censorship which permitted him to determine whether transfers of property could be legally made. Opponents to the old methods insist that it was a common thing for recorders to grow wealthy in a few years, as it required a bribe with an elastic scale to secure the sanction of the recorder to a sale and transfer of real estate.

The postal and telegraph systems were in the hands of the government, and the collected tariff formed part of the revenues, but the expenditures for maintaining these departments have always been greatly in excess of the receipts, as their principal value seemed to lie in furnishing a host of clerical positions for agents of the government, who acted as spies, and kept a close scrutiny over messages and mail-matter.

Next there was a direct tax of five per cent. on real estate, the appraising of values being done at San Juan; this valuation also served as a basis for assessing the local district and municipal tax, which amounted to from seven and a half to ten per cent.; and lastly a "Cedula Personal," or certificate of identity, which every person was required to have, and which ranged in price (depending upon official or civil position, business, and income) from twenty centavos for peons to twenty-five pesos for those with an income of over 20,000 pesos per annum.

The municipal taxes were raised by fees for licenses on all commercial and industrial pursuits; an "arvitrios," or charge for market-houses, butchering, and city property; fees on the insurance of public certificates, water rents, public dances and functions, theatrical performances, fines, etc.; also an "octroi" or duty on consumption—every article used for food, beverage, or fuel was taxed, and the fees paid by the seller. This tax worked a great hardship to the peasant, who brought in a few pesos' worth of produce to the markets from his little garden-patch in the hills. If the above taxes were not sufficient to meet district and municipal expenses, a final direct tax on personal and real estate was permissible, up to any percentage necessary to meet the deficiency.

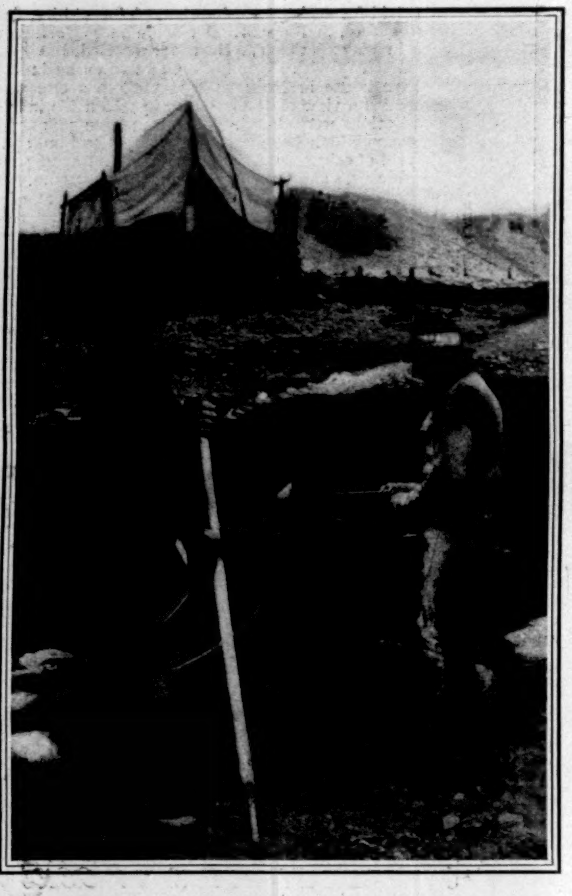
Each municipality had to contribute to the support of an island organization of administrative character, known as the "Diputacion Provincial," to an amount determined by the Governor-General, and apportioned among them according to their population and importance—Ponce's share was, in 1897, 14,326 pesos. This organization had charge of some public works of small importance—the civil institute (a sort of high-school, the best on the island), the island insane-asylum, and an industrial school recently established in connection with an asylum for orphans at San Juan, and the jails; it also had authority to advise the Governor-General on all administrative problems. The major portion of the expenses of this "Diputacion" and the institutions controlled thereby was met by a government lottery scheme, which, without force, drew forty thousand pesos a month, principally from the pockets of those who could ill afford it.

The cost of gathering the revenues was greatly augmented by a system of separate collection for state and municipal taxes, the state's share being secured by one set of collectors, and the towns' by another set of collectors.

At the present time (1898) there is much complaint among island citizens, for the reason that, though the Spanish Orden Publico (common police) of some 2000 men, and the Guardia Civil (civil guard), who numbered 4,000, ceased to exist as paid organizations at the raising of the United States flag, and the Church is no longer supported, the taxes have not been reduced by the new American masters. There will be justice in this criticism when we are able to withdraw our 6000 soldiers—as we should do as soon as quiet civil administration supervenes—who are now doing police duty on the island, and who cost us, for their support, fully as much per annum as the old Spanish appropriation provided.

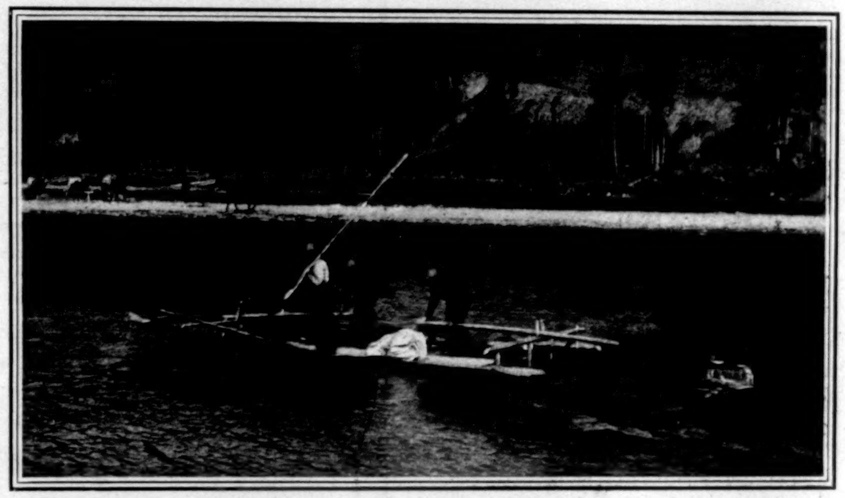
The reader who has followed the windings of Puerto-Rican taxation will most likely feel, with her citizens, that the burden, compared with the commercial activity and prosperity of the island, has been excessive, and that, when the meagre benefits which have accrued to the population in improvements during the past are taken into consideration, they may well claim to have struggled under a galling yoke of oppression.

It is the right of every taxed community to demand that it shall receive, in return for its support of the government, represented by an expenditure of sinew and labor, security of person and property, and a commensurate advance in ease of living through internal improvements carried on for the good of the most people. None of these blessings have Puertoriqueños ever received at the hands of the parent government, except perhaps during a short period at the beginning of the century, when, to induce colonization, liberal laws and little taxation prevailed. Instead the revenues have, for several generations, been almost wholly absorbed in supporting a totally disproportionate civil list, in which almost every position was a sinecure, and a military organization, including common soldiers, Guardia Civil and Orden Publico, numbering at times over ten thousand men—an army ten times as large in proportion as that which we contemplate in our new army of one hundred thousand men.



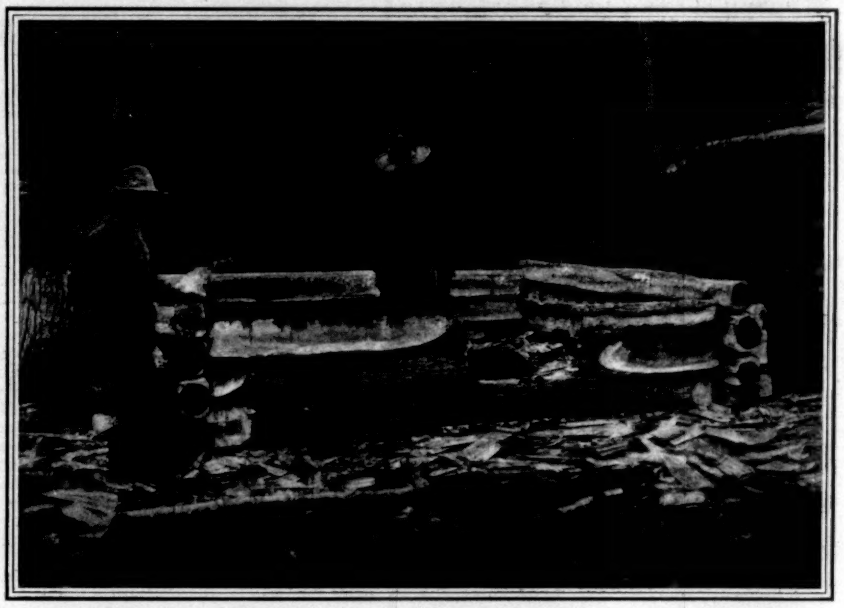
JOE STALEY'S DISCOVERY-CLAIM ON FRENCH HILL—BENCH DIGGINGS.

DAWSON—UNLOADING A CHECHAHKO'S GOODS.



RAFT OF HOUSE LOGS ON THE KLONDIKE RIVER.

WAITING DEVELOPMENTS.



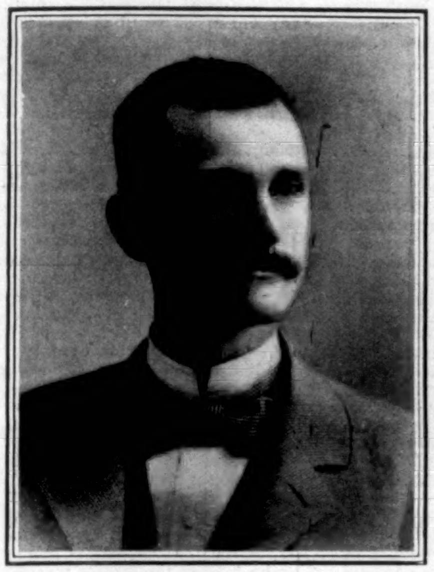
CABIN-BUILDING.

MAKING A CLEAN-UP FROM A ROCKER.

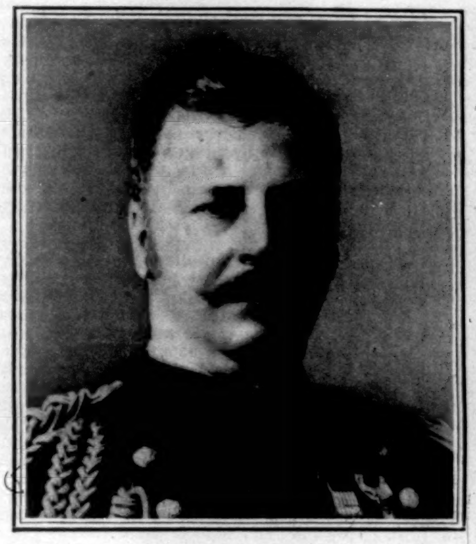
BOAT LIFE ON THE KLONDIKE—A CHECHAHKO SCOW.

THE KLONDIKE COUNTRY—THE QUEST FOR GOLD, AND THE LIFE OF THE ARGONAUTS.

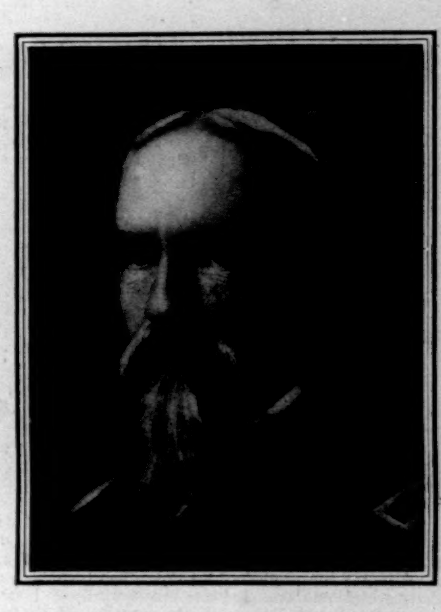
PHOTOGRAPHS BY TAPPAN ADNEY, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."—[SEE PAGE 341.]



CAPTAIN JOHN S. STEWART, U. S. V.,
1st Colorado Vols. Killed near Polo, March 25.



MAJOR-GEN. ARTHUR MacARTHUR, U. S. V.,
Commanding the Advance on Malolos.—[See Page 348.]



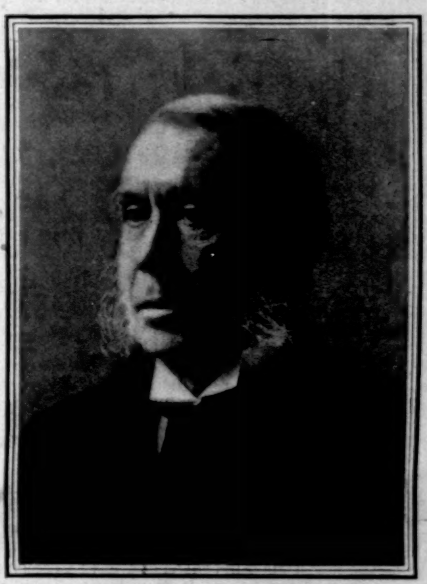
COLONEL HARRY C. EGBERT, U. S. A.,
Killed at Malinta, March 26.—[See Page 349.]

Dean of Princeton

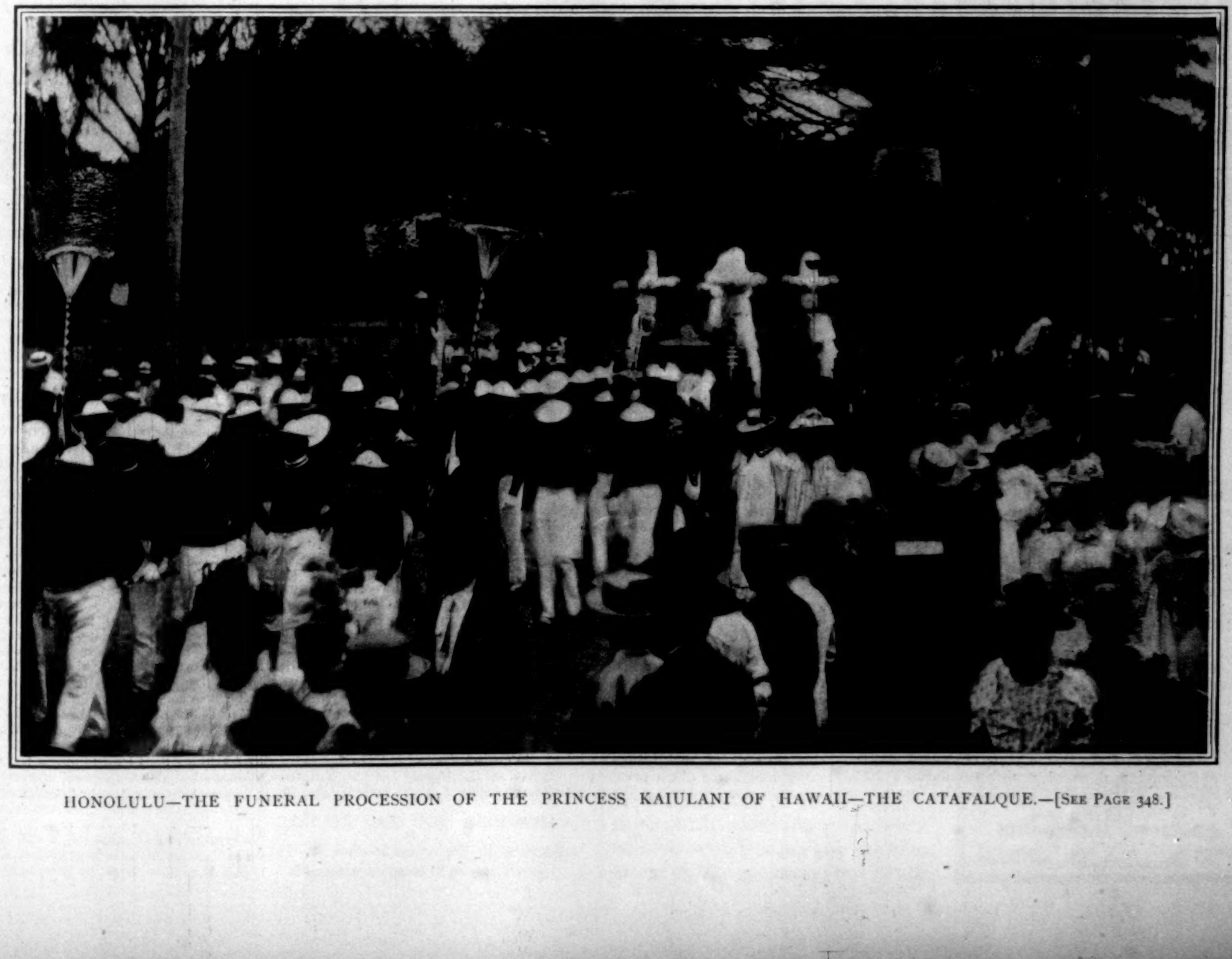
Born at Camden, South Carolina, November 27, 1827.
Died at Princeton, New Jersey, March 27, 1899.

JAMES ORMSBEE MURRAY, a native of South Carolina, was graduated from Brown University in 1850, and from the Andover Theological Seminary in 1854. For the seven years immediately following he served as pastor of the Congregational church in South Danvers (now Peabody), Massachusetts. Subsequently he was called to the Prospect Street Congregational Church at Cambridgeport, and in 1865 to the Brick Presbyterian Church, New York city, as associate of the late Rev. Gardiner Spring. On the death of Dr. Spring, in 1873, Dr. Murray became sole pastor. A year later the trustees of Princeton offered to Dr. Murray the Holmes chair of belles-lettres and the English language and literature, and he entered upon his duties in 1875. The office of Dean of the Faculty was created in 1886, Dr. Murray being the first incumbent. Since 1889 he served as vice-president of the Princeton Theological Seminary. Both as professor and as Dean he was very successful. He received the degree of D.D. from Princeton, and that of LL.D. from Brown. Recently a chair in English Literature was founded at Princeton by the liberality of a number of graduates who had enjoyed the advantages of study under Dean Murray's instruction. The esteem in which he was held is shown by the fact that this gift has received his name, and is known as the Murray Chair in English Literature. Dr. Henry van Dyke, who has been selected as its first incumbent, was one of Dr. Murray's successors in the pastorate of the Brick Presbyterian Church.

PRINCESS KAIULANI OF HAWAII.
Died March 6, 1899.—[See Page 348.]



PROFESSOR JAMES ORMSBEE MURRAY.
Died March 27, 1899.



HONOLULU—THE FUNERAL PROCESSION OF THE PRINCESS KAIULANI OF HAWAII—THE CATAFALQUE.—[See Page 348.]

Fighting in the Philippines

(Continued from page 358, Supplement.)

As we entered the town, dead insurgents lay in the trenches. The smoke was thick and the din of battle deafening. Squads of men moved from house to house to clear out the remaining insurgents. Around the corner of the church wall I met the first men of the Twentieth Kansas coming in. There was a rush for the church, and, with a cheer, up went the American flag. In the road dead Filipinos lay here and there like great disfigured dolls thrown away by some petulant child.

The insurgents were still firing at us while retiring. The Twentieth Kansas were in no humor to stop, so on they went after these insurgents.

"On to Malolos!" shouted an officer.

"Hurray!" answered the Twentieth Kansas; and I believe the Twentieth Kansas would still be going if orders had not come to stop. We reached the utmost limits of our present line near Malabon just as the sun was setting. Then, as the excitement cooled, the soldiers stretched themselves along the ground and realized for the first time that they were tired out. As for the rest of us who did not really belong there, we rode wearily back through Caloocan. Sharpshooters had lodged in the houses, and the town had to be burned. In the fading light of day the dry nipa huts, set afire, shot great gothic spires of flame into the sky. The main street of the town was roasting-hot, and we rode through on a gallop. The bamboo huts bursting with flame crackled like musketry fire. Homeless dogs ran howling through the streets. Motherless broods of chickens peeped helplessly. As we rode back to town over the battle-field, the doctors were still wandering about in the darkness, calling into the night from time to time to make sure that they had left no wounded on the field.

American Troops at Malta

WHEN the transport *Sheridan* arrived at Malta with the troops bound for Manila, Lieutenant-Colonel Smith, in command of the expedition, called upon the Governor-General, and received a hearty permission to land the men for exercise. After the long confinement on the crowded ship this was a welcome change. The English authorities prepared a magnificent reception for the Americans, and, with all the honors befitting the occasion, the troops were met and escorted by an English guard of honor with gay music. Interested crowds gathered to see the review, which took place on the large parade-ground, and when the Governor-General had addressed a cordial speech to the officers, the men were marched past one of the interesting old corners of this most picturesque city, where the Governor and the Admiral of the Mediterranean fleet, together with their staff officers, saw the men march by under the starry flag on a lengthy march into the suburbs.

Several hours were spent in drill and the enjoyment of the brilliant sun and summer air, and the return to the transport was made amid universal pleasure at the heartiness of the welcome and praise of the courtesy of the English.

This is the first time foreign troops have ever landed here for a visit of peace, and is significant of the good feeling existing between the two nations.

WILLIAM BENGOUGH.

MUSIC

Like an old tale still; which will have matter to rehearse, though credit be asleep, and not an ear open.—*A Winter's Tale.*

Versungen und verthan.—*Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg.*

HOLY WEEK, with its hush of music and its chain of solemn church offices that encourage the minor mode and discourage even an organ, is past. The trumpets and shawms of Easter duly and loudly are resounding. Secular harmony again asserts itself. Boston, San Francisco, and Chicago are steeping in opera, thanks to Mr. Charley of New Orleans, Mr. Ellis, and Mr. Grau. But not in ungratefulness to the juicy fruitage of concert and opera since November, not in scorn of dozens of incidents to fructify in the course of this month, a reviewer may infer that the music season of 1898-9 here has fairly worn out its welcome. The frankness with which candid musical people are saying as much is amusing; and less insatiable but stanch patrons refer with distinct indifference to all the songs of the sirens yet to be carolled. To tell truth, the warblings or twangings of any genus or sex of sirens, after such a prodigal expense in music during five months, suggest the rocks and whirlpools of bankruptcy. Musical people carry pitifully empty pocket-books just now. The dearest soloist of a winter never makes amends for a cheap hotel in summer, and an orchestra chair for a Wagner cyclus cannot be worn at a spa. As for most professional auditors of music, they are crying out, like *Wotan* in "Die Walküre," "Eines will ich noch! Das Ende, das Ende!" Some of them are preparing to take French leave of further claims on their judgments—as the humble writer of these lines confesses being about to do. We are running away from pretty tangible duty, nevertheless. There are yet orchestral concerts, if not of the serial kind; there are yet to come four or five weeks of opera in English by the Castle Square Company; a star benefit to Maurice Grau late this month, tendered by the directors of the Metropolitan Opera House and the singers of his company; at least a dozen recitals from one or another artist are to come off—by Madame Carreno, Lady Hallé, Madame Schiller, Madame Lehmann, Madame Sembrich, Mr. Bispham, Mr. Rosenthal, and more. But the Oratorio Society, the Boston Symphony Orchestra (in a magnificent evening of Macdowell, Goldmark, Tschaikovsky, and Strauss), the Paur Orchestra, and the Kneisel Quartet are done with work till autumn. The last Philharmonic occurs as late in the season as to-night. So general is the feeling that the season has overstaid, in view of its unprecedented expense and of the discouraging pecuniary result in the concert part of it, that many plans published in the autumn will not be carried out. The Berlin Orchestra quietly gave up its projected visit. The Chicago Orchestra long ago decided to stay away. The "Bach pianist" Zeldenrust will not come. A fair score of small musical affairs from distinguished foreign singers are not considered safe enough pecuniary risks to be advertised. The mood of New York at least echoes Prior Aymer in *Ivanhoe*, with his discreet "*Conclamatum est, poculatum est*—we have drunk and we have shouted; it were time we left our wine-flagons!"

Art and Honesty. There has been some criticism of the propriety of Mr. Grau's purposed benefit on the 21st instant. It is chiefly from confusing success with profits. The present manager and lessee of the Opera House seems to be of the same mind as was honest Handel when he tried opera-giving in London, with the result of a mountain of debts dismissed but not paid. We can read between the lines a commentary on the risks and disappointments and ill fortunes of impresarios (unless they are fully guaranteed by the State) in the fact that Mr. Grau during last month spent the bulk of his earnings to pay the debts incurred by the bankrupt partnership in which the late Henry E. Abbey was his associate. The amount that was parcelled out by the manager between the different individuals with claims to be satisfied is reported as in the vicinity of $60,000. Under the circumstances, the benefit purposed by the company and the stockholders seems not at all a superfluous testimonial to the Metropolitan's impresario.

The Chicago Castle Square. The Castle Square Company took up "The Mikado" last week, with a brilliant performance of Sullivan's sprightly work—to counteract a very bad one of Ponchielli's "La Gioconda." This week it is reviving (a word I always write with reluctance when an opera full of vitality is concerned) Nicolai's "Merry Wives of Windsor," in which Mr. Hedmont begins his connection with performances in English at the American. The repertory before the company's vacation (do the Castle Square singers ever have a real vacation?) will offer "Carmen," and in a double bill "The Daughter of the Regiment" and "Trial by Jury." The company's local season has been exceedingly successful. In Chicago the tributary company organized by Mr. Savage begins at the Studebaker Theatre this week with "Faust." The chorus long in training in Chicago is described as likely more than to rival the quality and intelligence of the New York one, and to be full to overflowing with incipient prime donne and primi uomi. One may smile at this possibility; but it is out of just such opportunities for practical study of scores at the beginning of stage-work and routine knowledge that our Eastern or Western young men and young women can secure a chance for a career, and are likely to be competent for it. I know of no better normal school, for many musical post-graduates (as well as undergraduates) who will scorn the idea, than hard work in general repertory under a good chorus-master and a good stage-manager. It is, or should be, a training honorable in all. Let no young and unknown singer think it too humble.

Dr. Hans Richter. The important tidings are current that Dr. Hans Richter's breach with the Imperial Opera of Vienna is final. In fact, Dr. Richter will have withdrawn from all conducting responsibility in Vienna this month, expressly avoiding any definite farewell. Dr. Richter will be heard after this only in Buda-Pesth, Baireuth, London, and a few other European cities. There has been more than one rumor of his being brought at last to a New York engagement, but nothing definite is current. To speak frankly, it is much to be doubted whether Dr. Richter would be satisfactory or satisfied in the kind of local position outlined by his American friends.

E. IRENÆUS STEVENSON.

Samoan Bombardment

THE story of the troubles growing out of the contest for kingship in Samoa was told and illustrated in HARPER'S WEEKLY of February 25. Chief-Justice Chambers's decision in favor of Malietoa Tanu was not accepted by Mataafa, nor by the German residents of Apia. There was at that time no American war-ship in those waters; and though Captain Sturdee, the British naval commander, co-operated with Mr. Chambers, the question of the succession to the kingship continued in dispute. When the *Philadelphia* reached Apia, on March 7, Admiral Kautz found a most unsatisfactory state of affairs. It was not merely that under the provisional government, which represented Mataafan and German interests, the decrees of the Supreme Court could not be enforced, but the lives of Americans, including the Chief Justice, were in constant danger. Mataafa's armed followers surrounded Apia. British and American residents and the adherents of Malietoa Tanu expected from day to day to be attacked.

Admiral Kautz summoned the consuls and senior naval officers to a conference on board the *Philadelphia*. It was decided that the provisional government should be dismissed, and the American admiral issued a proclamation calling upon Mataafa and his chiefs to return to their homes. Herr Rose, the German consul, then issued a counter-proclamation, upholding the provisional government. The Mataafans assembled in large force about the town. The Americans took a large number of Malietoans under their protection, and an ultimatum was sent to the Mataafans, threatening them with bombardment, to begin at one o'clock P.M. on March 15, in the event of refusal to disperse. This was ignored, and the Mataafans threatened to attack the United States and British consulates. The *Philadelphia*, with the British vessels *Porpoise* and *Royalist*, opened fire upon the villages east and west of Apia. Three British sailors were killed by Mataafans during the night, and an American sentry was killed at his post. German residents took refuge on board the cruiser *Falke*; other inhabitants of the town were received on the *Royalist*. A despatch dated Apia, Samoa, March 20, said that the bombardment still continued, and that the chiefs of the Tanu party, who were exiled to other islands, had been brought back.

Princess Kaiulani

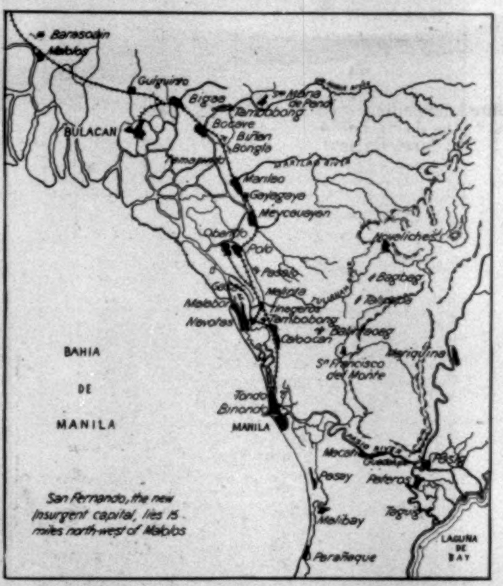
IT was said in Honolulu that no funeral of a Hawaiian sovereign was ever made the occasion of more impressive ceremonies than those which were seen at the Hawaiian capital on March 12. Twenty-four years ago, upon the announcement of the birth of Princess Kaiulani, a national salute was fired; and every race seemed to contribute its share of commiseration the other day to an event of extraordinary interest, which "closed up forever the visible evidence of the late monarchy."

The daughter of Governor A. S. Cleghorn and the Princess Miriam Likelike, of the Kalakaua dynasty, was born on October 16, 1875, in Honolulu. In 1889 she was placed at school in England; four years later made a short stay in Washington; and in 1894, accompanied by her governess, continued her studies in Germany. Then followed three years of travel, preceding her return to Honolulu in November, 1897. Since that time she lived quietly at Ainahau, the Waikiki home which she had received as a baptismal gift from Princess Ruth. The news of her death on March 6 was unexpected, and in her native islands was received with general expressions of sorrow.

The funeral procession was so thoroughly representative of the various elements in the population, native and foreign, that it might itself have been regarded as typifying the passing of the old order, in which strange usages still survived from the days of that splendid old savage Kamehameha I. Curious objects which served as banners and decorations, and recalled the epoch before the advent of sea-rovers and missionaries, were mingled with the flags and uniforms of the forces of the United States army and navy and the National Guard of Hawaii. Delegations from secret societies, members of the local government, societies of Hawaiians, and the great men of a little group were in line. It actually took the procession thirty-five minutes to pass a given point. The avenues leading to the Kawaiahao church were thronged with people for two hours before the time set for the services.

Diary of the Revolt

Friday, March 24.—The first public intimation of an immediate advance northward: "General H. G. Otis's brigade struck tents this morning. The Filipinos have concentrated their forces at Malabon and Polo; extremely active in the vicinity of Malabon, evidently anticipating



an attack." Of the two places mentioned in the despatches, Malabon seemed an untenable position, for it lay on the shore of Manila Bay, exposed to bombardment by the war-ships. Polo, north of Caloocan, on the Manila-Dagupan railway, offered better conditions for defence, and it was assumed that a stand would be made there.

General MacArthur, as commander of the northern division, would be primarily responsible for the success or failure of the movement.

General Otis cabled: "City quiet, business progressing; no indications of excitement.... Old battle-lines surrounding city maintained, and city cannot be safely uncovered."

Saturday, March 25.—At daybreak General MacArthur, with the brigades of Generals H. G. Otis and Hale, commenced an advance on Novaliches, northeast of Caloocan, and in the centre of the Filipino lines. The commanding general's despatch stated that, from Novaliches, MacArthur would swing to the left and strike *north of Polo*; that Wheaton's brigade (which had been transferred from Pasig to the neighborhood of Caloocan) would press forward at the proper time, to prevent the enemy from retreating towards the south or east when MacArthur should have gained a position on the north; and that Hall's brigade, on the old line north of Pasig, was "demonstrating" west of the pumping-station—*i. e.*, engaging the Filipino forces east of Manila, to prevent them from interfering with the execution of the plan just outlined. The enemy was 12,000 strong on the northern line, and the first object of the movement was to "take a large fraction in reverse," or to cut off the hostiles at Malabon and Polo from the main body, and to compel their surrender before marching on Malolos.

Our advance developed a sturdy resistance on the part of the Filipinos, who contested every point with great courage and skill; and as for the natural obstacles in the

line of advance, the country proved to be even rougher, the undergrowth more dense, and the streams deeper than the American leaders had anticipated. By the hardest sort of fighting—the same eager, masterful spirit that carried our troops to the top of San Juan hill, in the Cuban campaign—MacArthur succeeded in accomplishing a part of his task, but could not quite reach the point designated. "Perfected northern movement not yet completed"—thus the official despatch ran. "H. G. Otis's and Hale's brigades, with dismounted troops of the Fourth Cavalry, the turning column [*i. e.*, assigned to make the détour and cut in north of Polo], met heavy resistance over difficult country, and are camped to-night six miles north of line from which advance was taken up. Wheaton's brigade at Caloocan drove the enemy one and one-half miles north across the [Tulihan] river. Hall, on extreme right, encountered considerable force, and routed it. Fighting heavy near Caloocan. Movement continues in the morning." Our casualties were 176 (26 killed). The enemy's loss was much greater.

A press despatch stated that the natives near Malabon "fought like demons, at times actually leaving their trenches and with reckless bravery charging the Oregon regiment."

Sunday, March 26.—Official despatches were to the following effect: MacArthur, with moving column, had driven the enemy, but could not get to a point north of Polo, on account of the roughness of the country, and was obliged to strike the railway south of that town. This enabled most of Aguinaldo's troops to escape on the north. Still, it was thought that he might offer resistance, "as the best of his army, consisting of released prisoners of war, formerly native Spanish troops," had concentrated there. At daybreak the hostiles in Malabon set fire to the town and withdrew towards Polo. Wheaton's brigade, following, encountered a detachment of the enemy near Malinta, and at the same time came up with MacArthur's advance-guard. From that hour the character of the movement changed. The attempt to enclose a portion of the enemy's forces between parallel columns was abandoned, and MacArthur's entire force combined to push the Filipinos backward upon Malolos. The fighting south of Polo and near that town was determined. MacArthur, with his three brigades united, and with artillery and cavalry, engaged the enemy.

Colonel Egbert, of the Twenty-second Infantry, was mortally wounded while leading a bayonet charge. As he was placed on a litter, General Wheaton rode up and dismounted. Bending over the litter, in the midst of the flying bullets, he said:

"Nobly done, Egbert!"

"Good-by, General," was the answer. "I must die. I'm too old."

He was only sixty, but since 1861 had been in the army, and had served with distinction in the civil war, the Indian campaigns in the Southwest, and the Santiago campaign.

The army gunboats on the coast and in the estuaries west and north of Polo were very efficient. At 4.30 P.M., General Otis, from his headquarters at Manila, was able to report: "MacArthur has driven enemy, strongly intrenched in large force, north of Polo." In the evening important gains were announced on the same authority: "MacArthur's advance is beyond Meycuayan, two miles beyond Polo, nine miles from Manila, and fifteen miles from Malolos. . . . Insurgents stoutly resisting behind succeeding lines of intrenchments, from which troops continually drive them."

To some of those who watched, very hopefully but very anxiously, this seemed too much like pounding the centre for steady gains in a game of football—as though it had been too easily assumed that Malolos was the goal, and final victory would be won on reaching the Filipino capital. But then Aguinaldo took up the goal-posts and carried them back fifteen miles to the northwest. By his order, the seat of his government was removed from Malolos to San Fernando.

Monday, March 27.—A despatch received at the War Department this morning: "MacArthur holds Marilao; severe fighting to-day, and our casualties about forty. The insurgents have destroyed bridges"—thus impeding progress of artillery and supplies. "Our troops met the concentrated insurgent forces on northern line commanded by Aguinaldo in person, and drove, with considerable slaughter. They left nearly one hundred dead on the field, and many prisoners and small arms were captured. The column will press on in the morning."

In the afternoon there was severe fighting beyond Marilao, and a brilliant charge of the South Dakota regiment, led by Colonel Frost, routed Aguinaldo's troops with slaughter, our loss being three officers and four enlisted men killed, and one officer and twenty-two enlisted men wounded. A supply railway train reached Marilao, and MacArthur pushed on. The troops were reported as being in excellent condition and spirits. A proclamation, signed "Luna, General-in-Chief," directed that all towns abandoned should be burned. "In consequence thereof," General Otis observed, "much country north in flames."

Tuesday, March 28.—MacArthur advanced only to the outskirts of Marilao, as it "took until late afternoon to repair road and railway bridges and to send cars through with supplies."

Wednesday, March 29.—The enemy's resistance was less vigorous. MacArthur advanced at 6 o'clock in the morning from Marilao and passed rapidly to Bocave. At 11.45 he proceeded to Bigaa, and at 3.15 in the afternoon started for Guiguinto, three and one-half miles from Malolos. Guiguinto was reached at 5.15, and here the first serious resistance of the day was encountered. The Filipinos made a stand just beyond the station, at a river crossing, and from their trenches withstood the musketry fire for half an hour. The artillery was got into position by "working it over the railroad bridge by hand and swimming the mules." Then the position was captured, and General MacArthur went into camp. Casualties for the day were about seventy.

Meantime, in other quarters, there had been developments which should be briefly noted:

South of Manila three thousand Filipino troops from the lower Luzon provinces had concentrated. "Lawton will take care of them," said Otis.

The monitor *Monadnock* had shelled Paranaque, south of Manila, on the bay, for the purpose of destroying military stores. Half the town, including the church, was laid in ruins.

In Negros Island, Colonel Van Valzah of the Eighteenth Infantry had been intrusted with the command *vice* General Miller. The additional troops, sent to protect the inhabitants of Negros from raids of Montéses, had arrived.

Two large boats had been seized in Manila Bay. The boats were loaded with provisions, and had on board a considerable sum of money for the use of the hostiles.

In Washington it was said that MacArthur (whose rank in the regular army is that of Lieutenant-Colonel, Adjutant-General's Department) would be made Brigadier-General of regulars at the next opportunity.

MARRION WILCOX.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.—[*Adv.*]

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THE milk used for the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is from the best dairies, under contracts with farmers, guaranteeing purity and richness in health-giving constituents.—[*Adv.*]

SWEET SCENTS ON BOARD.

THE entire world has been in wonderment at the dimensions of the steamer *Oceanic*, but what is generally unknown to them is the magnificence of the decorations of the saloons of this gigantic vessel. A reporter stated to us that it was a fairy-like palace, and that everywhere you were charmed by the perfume of flowers. Information taken, the cause of this was due to the FLEURS SACHETS of ORIZA-LEGRAND, which had been used for the interior decorations of the *Oceanic*. (They are to be found at all perfumers' and druggists'.)—[*Adv.*]

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

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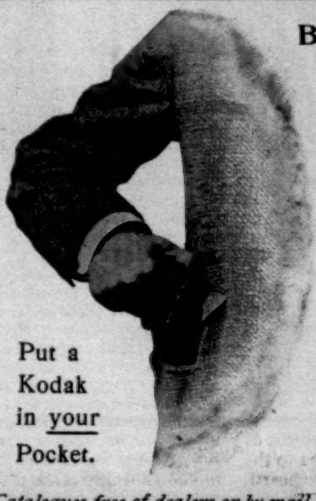

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MALTA—REVIEW OF AMERICAN TROOPS FROM THE TRANSPORT "SHERIDAN" BY THE BRITISH OFFICIALS AT VALETTA.

DRAWN BY WILLIAM BENGOUGH, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" WITH THE EXPEDITION.—[SEE PAGE 348.]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

FOUR GREAT FEATURES OF COLLIER'S WEEKLY

REMINGTON
IN CUBA

THIS famous illustrator, whose drawings of soldiers and horses are known the world over, has gone to Cuba as special artist and correspondent for COLLIER'S WEEKLY. In Cuba Frederic Remington has found a congenial field, portraying as he does the routine and amusements of garrison life in the tropics and the relations of our soldiers to the people of the West Indies. Two of his recent drawings in this series, depicting the "American Regular" and "One of Gomez' Men," are of a particularly striking type and will stand as examples of his best work. The artist's correspondence accompanying his sketches is full of the same breezy and individual life. Taken together, his pictures and letters reflect in a graphic manner the changed conditions developed by the American military occupation of Cuba.

PALMER
IN THE PHILIPPINES

THE noted war correspondent whose book "Going to War in Greece" told so brilliantly the story of the Græco-Turkish war, is now in the Philippines as a special writer for COLLIER'S WEEKLY. The resources of a modern war correspondent, while campaigning with an army in an almost unknown quarter of the world, are limited only by his ingenuity and daring. In these qualities, as in the force of his literary style, Frederick Palmer stands alone. Since he is likewise an expert photographer, the readers of COLLIER'S WEEKLY are sure to have the most faithful record of American military operations in the Far East. After the present campaign against Aguinaldo is ended Mr. Palmer will travel through all the important groups of Islands, including many unexplored regions of the Philippines.

REUTERDAHL
WITH THE NAVY

THE marine artist whose stirring pictures of naval engagements during the Spanish war made all nautical experts acknowledge him as the foremost in his line, is now at work on a new series of paintings for COLLIER'S WEEKLY. Mr. Reuterdahl will depict not only the exteriors of our warships, but also typical scenes of sailor life, showing our Yankee tars aboard their battleships in time of peace as well as war. Among the subjects selected for his brush are the following: "In the Fighting Top," "Clear for Action!" "With the Compliments of the German Admiral," "You may Fire when You are Ready, Gridley!" As the titles indicate, these illustrations make a unique and highly characteristic pictorial record of some of the latest achievements of the American navy.

WENZELL
IN LONDON & PARIS

THIS exquisite illustrator of American society life has now undertaken to reveal himself amid new surroundings. This month he sails for Europe, where he will depict for COLLIER'S WEEKLY some of the famous social events of the Old World. As fit subjects for his brush he has chosen such scenes as the Henley Regatta, House-boating on the Thames, The Queen's Drawing-room; to be followed by illustrations of similar brilliant events across the Channel, such as The Grand Prix, A Garden Party at the Elysée, A Night on the Boulevard. Reproductions of these charming drawings will be published in COLLIER'S WEEKLY in May, to be continued throughout the summer. He may confidently be expected to add an entirely novel and refreshing glimpse of fashionable life as it exists in London and Paris.

AMERICA'S MOST PROGRESSIVE WEEKLY

AMATEUR SPORT

Modern Golf—the Game of the Strong

THE tendency of modern golf in great Britain seems to be more and more towards lengthening the big competitions, until they have become in great measure a test of physical endurance as well as of golfing skill. I am not concerned, for the moment, with criticising this tendency—on the whole, it seems to be a good one, and to make for just results—but all I wish to do is to note the fact. The latest change that might draw attention to the tendency is in the inter-university golf match (always meaning, with us, Oxford *versus* Cambridge, though there are many other universities in the land). This match, as now played, is decided by the result of thirty-six holes, eight playing on either side. Heretofore eighteen holes had been deemed sufficient test; but it is notable that in all important matches, no less than in this, thirty-six holes begins to be the "unit," so to speak—the recognized length of a match. In previous years a single round of eighteen holes has been taken as the unit.

No doubt it is better so. Eighteen holes is a short course, and the shorter the course, the less chance there is of luck coming equal. "Luck comes equal in the long-run," is the common saw; but eighteen holes is not long enough of a run to equalize fortune. Thirty-six gives twice as good a chance of arriving at this equality.

But the inter-university match is not the most important fixture that shows this sign of the times. It is apparent in both the amateur and the open championships. In the amateur championship, which is decided by tournament play, a round of eighteen holes used to be the deciding course (except in case of a halved match) in each heat. But now this has been deemed inadequate for the decision of so important a matter as the final tie, and the length of course for this final struggle only has been extended to thirty-six holes. The extension is for the better; our only regret is that we cannot carry out the principle in every heat. That would make the total time occupied too long; and, even as it is, the strain on muscle and nerve is pretty severe for those who survive until the end.

HAND-HAMMERED BALL.

OLD GUTTA-PERCHA BALL.

The open championship gives us the same indications. Until a few years ago the score of thirty-six holes, or one full day's golf, was thought a sufficient test for deciding who should hold this the highest honor of golfing merit. Now the authorities that have power in the matter have come to the conclusion that the best golfer of the year is not to be picked out from the mob of his fellows by any ordeal less protracted than four rounds of eighteen holes, occupying two full days' golf. We all know very well that even this test is not infallible. Golf is a game of glorious uncertainties, and generally it would be a safe bet to wager, before the championship was played, that, whoever was the winner, you would pick a man to beat him in a hole match within a month of his championship win. So much depends on the chance of a man's being "on his day" or "off his day." There is no man who is always "on," though there seem to be a good many who are always "off," if we may judge by their own lamentable accounts of their performance. Still, the majority have days "on" and days "off," and the proportion of the "on" days to the "off" becomes larger the higher we go in the scale of play. But for all this there are differences of degree, and generally it is the fortunate player whom the date of competition finds "right on top of his game" that comes out on top of the list too, though many, in point of merit, are virtually equal. The best player is he who, having a great game in him, is capable of producing it most often, and most "pat to the occasion."

The open championship—four consecutive rounds of score play—is a severe enough ordeal of golf; but it is not so wearing and nerve-trying as the amateur contest. Of course the man that is beaten in the first round has no great trouble. He can smoke his pipe and criticise the rest, with no sense of responsibility, all through the tournament. But this is a piece of fortune that does not befall everybody, and perhaps few would enter for the competition if they thought that result very probable in their individual case. The vision that the golfer sees before his mind's eye when he sends in his name is himself struggling through all the early heats of the tournament, and being worsted, if at all, only in the semi-final or final tie. And this means fighting day after day, twice a day for four days maybe; fighting hand-to-hand contests which even the very fact of the shortness of the course—eighteen holes, to wit, until the final—makes only a severer trial of the nerves; for, however blissfully confident a man may feel of his ability to beat another "in the long-run," it is only too painfully apparent that this is not a "long-run" matter. In a single round he must demonstrate his superiority—that is to say, must demonstrate a superiority having sufficient margin to cover the balance that ill luck on his own part and good luck on that of his opponent may put to the latter's credit. "In the long-run luck comes equal," but certainly it is not always equal in the course of a single round.

On the whole, one is surprised not so much that a good player is sometimes beaten in this tournament by a less good golfer, but rather that this *contretemps* does not arrive more often. It really very seldom has happened that one of the very best has been beaten except by one of the very best, although it has very often occurred for one not quite of the very best to be several holes up at some point in the round against one of the champions. But generally, towards the end of the round, a sort of paralyzing influence from the great fame of the champion seems to creep over the inferior man, so that he cannot play his game with any confidence. He lets his vantage slip from him, and again becomes yet another instance of the rule to which he had seemed likely to prove an exception.

Yet, seldom as this upsetting of expectation has happened, it is very sure that it would have happened even less often had the length of course for these earlier ties been thirty-six holes, as in the final tie. For if the better player is troubled by the fact that luck in eighteen holes may easily turn the balance against his better skill, there is no doubt that the same feeling gives no little encouragement to the inferior player. In a thirty-six-hole match the better player's confidence in his skill would be doubled, the weaker player's hope in the assistance of fortune would be halved. It is, in fact, a pity that all the matches cannot be made two rounds in length; but life is short, and golfers, after all, are human.

This is a point of view that we are running a little risk of forgetting. We do not want to make our big competitions too exhausting, whether to mind, nerve, or muscle, but we want to make them of sufficient length to eliminate the element of luck as far as may be. For this reason that method of play which is called distinctively the "American tournament"—in which all play all, and the winner of the greatest balance of matches is victor—is fairest of any; but again, even more than before, life is short, and a decision on these methods would take long in reaching.

On the whole, it appears to us as if the golfing authorities of the United States had hit on a most excellent compromise in weeding out the less efficient by a preliminary trial by score, and following this up with a tournament between the survivors. Of course alternatives are easy to suggest; the survivors might be even further reduced by allowing only six or four to go into the tournament, and then conducting the matches on what we call "American tournament" plan. That might seem fairer to one man, and some other modification might strike another as better. The exact point through which the line of compromise should be drawn is very much a matter of taste. The fairness of the principle of the compromise seems beyond argument. It is a principle that is certainly as fair as our own method, and certainly less exhausting. The conditions of golf are tending ever more and more to the point at which it will be impossible for a man that has not unusual stamina to win a big competition. Perhaps this is a legitimate aim. It may very fairly be argued that golf is an athletic game, and that in any branch of athletics a man ought to have the advantage of his strength of muscle and general endurance. Stamina has its reward in all these others—even in billiards a man needs to be in hard physical condition to win a big tournament.

Very likely this is quite a fair line of analogical argument. At the same time it is quite sure that we had fallen into a way of regarding golf a little differently from these other athletic pastimes. We had always looked on it so much more as a game of skill than as a game of strength that it seems to bring a disturbing element into the focus when we have to regard strength as an essential for successful golf. A game of skill, rather than of strength, it still is, and will ever remain, so far as the individual strokes go, though even here, other things being equal, the stronger man has the advantage. But other things seldom are quite equal, and a little inequality in some of these "other things" is more than enough to overbalance a considerable difference in strength. But in the case of these long-drawn-out competitions strength—the kind of strength for which endurance is a synonym, and is perhaps better called "a strong constitution"—becomes an essential quality. No man can last, and play his best game, throughout such a long ordeal as the amateur championship tournament without a fine measure of this strength, and in point of fact we find results and records coinciding with this necessary inference.

Maybe it is a good tendency—good probably so long as it is kept within reasonable limits—but no doubt it is the increasing tendency of modern golf to make success especially the portion of the strong. And after this excursion to the threshold of prophecy, the odds should be somewhat heavy that our next amateur championship will be won by the man of weakest physique in the lists.

HORACE HUTCHINSON.

The Golf-Ball

EVERYBODY knows that the original golf-ball was made of leather stuffed with feathers, but few golfers of this generation have even seen a specimen of the old-time handicraft. The accompanying illustration gives a fair idea of its appearance, and Mr. H. T. Peters, a St. Andrews veteran, has given the following account of the ball in the making:

The leather was of untanned bull's hide, two round pieces for the ends and a piece for the middle, being cut to suit the weight wanted. These were properly shaped, after being sufficiently softened, and then firmly sewn together, a small hole being of course left through which the feathers might be afterwards inserted. But, before stuffing, it was through this little hole that the leather itself had to be turned outside in (so that the seams should be inside), an operation not without difficulty. The skin was then placed in a cup-shaped stand (the worker having the feathers in an apron before him), and the actual stuffing done with a crutch-handled steel rod, which the maker placed under

MODERN BALL.

FEATHER BALL.

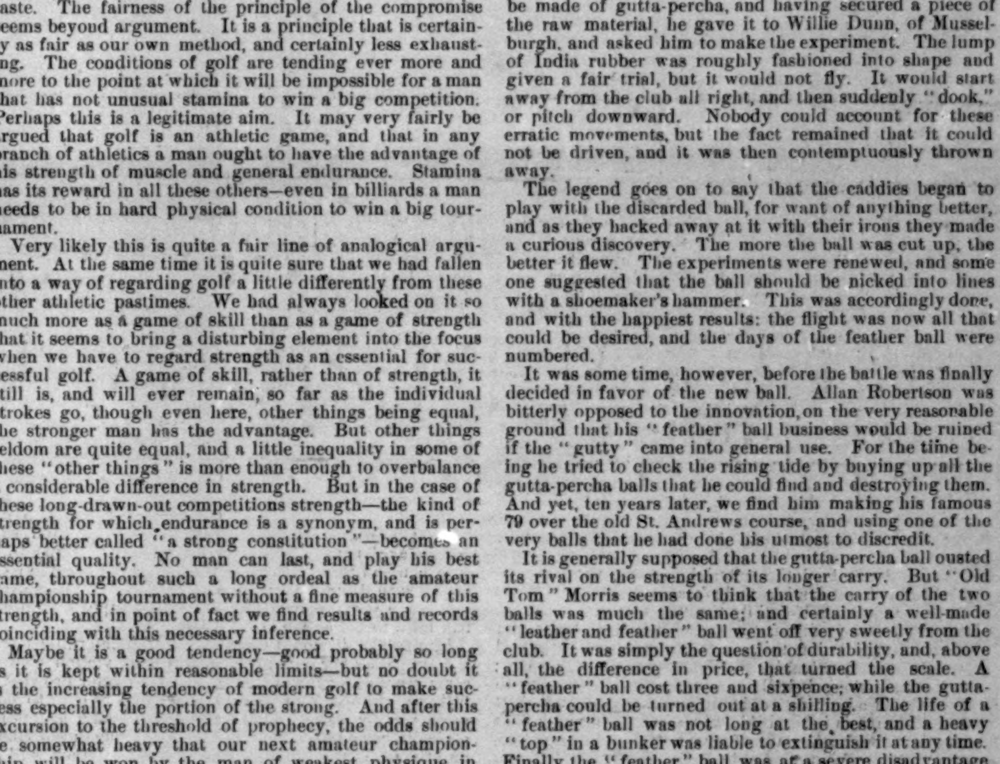
his arm. And very hard work, I may add, it was. Finally the aperture was closed and firmly sewed up, and this outside seam was the only one visible. When I say this, I of course refer only to new balls. Veterans showed the effects of service in open seams with feathers outlooking, and on a wet day the water could be seen driven off in showers from a circle of protruding feathers as from a spray-producer. A ball perhaps started as a "twenty-eight" and ended a pounder. Consequently a new one had to be put down at every hole if the match was an important one.

In spite of its shortcomings, there was nothing better than the "feather" ball, and it held the field alone for an odd century or so. And then, in 1848, a formidable rival appeared. Sir Thomas Moncrieff, an ardent and ingenious lover of the sport, conceived the idea that golf-balls might be made of gutta-percha, and having secured a piece of the raw material, he gave it to Willie Dunn, of Musselburgh, and asked him to make the experiment. The lump of India rubber was roughly fashioned into shape and given a fair trial, but it would not fly. It would start away from the club all right, and then suddenly "dook," or pitch downward. Nobody could account for these erratic movements, but the fact remained that it could not be driven, and it was then contemptuously thrown away.

The legend goes on to say that the caddies began to play with the discarded ball, for want of anything better, and as they hacked away at it with their irons they made a curious discovery. The more the ball was cut up, the better it flew. The experiments were renewed, and some one suggested that the ball should be nicked into lines with a shoemaker's hammer. This was accordingly done, and with the happiest results: the flight was now all that could be desired, and the days of the feather ball were numbered.

It was some time, however, before the battle was finally decided in favor of the new ball. Allan Robertson was bitterly opposed to the innovation, on the very reasonable ground that his "feather" ball business would be ruined if the "gutty" came into general use. For the time being he tried to check the rising tide by buying up all the gutta-percha balls that he could find and destroying them. And yet, ten years later, we find him making his famous 79 over the old St. Andrews course, and using one of the very balls that he had done his utmost to discredit.

It is generally supposed that the gutta-percha ball ousted its rival on the strength of its longer carry. But "Old Tom" Morris seems to think that the carry of the two balls was much the same; and certainly a well-made "leather and feather" ball went off very sweetly from the club. It was simply the question of durability, and, above all, the difference in price, that turned the scale. A "feather" ball cost three and sixpence; while the gutta-percha could be turned out at a shilling. The life of a "feather" ball was not long at the best, and a heavy "top" in a bunker was liable to extinguish it at any time. Finally the "feather" ball was at a severe disadvantage in wet weather, for it quickly absorbed moisture and became sodden and overweight. To-day the "feather"


MYOPIA HUNT AND GOLF CLUB.

ball reposes in museums, along with the pterodactyl and the Stone Man, and the "gutty" reigns supreme.

For a number of years golf-balls were moulded in a smooth press, and then nicked by hand into the familiar geometrical patterns. Some of the workmen became very expert in their art, the lines being nicked with almost mathematical exactness. But of course this extra labor added to the cost of the ball, and of late years all balls are moulded and scored by machinery, and in a single operation. In the moulding of the lines they must not be too shallow, or the ball will not fly, nor too deep, or the markings will become clogged up by mud. In other respects one pattern is as good as another; but the latest fashion seems to be for a surface covered with small bosses, or points, as shown in the illustration of a modern ball.

In the old days, feathers are said to have been weighed by Troy weight, though nobody can pretend to give the reason why. Naturally the same convention was continued when the gutta-percha ball was introduced, and a "twenty-seven" ball is supposed to weigh twenty-seven pennyweights Troy. As a matter of fact, the numbers nowadays refer rather to the size than to the weight of the ball, and the latter may vary (in different makes) by as much as two pennyweights. But the diameters, as gauged by the accurate modern moulds, are nearly always uniform. The old hand-hammered ball seems to have been a heavier ball, size for size, than the modern one, and a "composition" ball will generally outweigh one made of pure gutta-percha.

From the nature of their material, balls are naturally divided into pure gutta-percha and "composition" balls. The latter are prepared by a patent or secret process, and their material is a compound of India rubber and other ingredients. The well-known Eclipse ball was the earliest of the "putties," as they were christened, and for a time it threatened to displace the "gutty" altogether. Its great merit was its indestructibility. It could stand any amount of hard pounding without vital injury, and all that it needed was a new coat of paint from time to time. But it could not be driven so far as a "gutty," and it was almost impossible to get it to lie dead upon a green that was at all keen. Of late years it has dropped out of sight.

Various other attempts have been made to find a substitute for rubber. Even steel has been tried, and the pneumatic celluloid ball was expected to do great things at the time of its introduction. Unfortunately it was so hard that no club head could stand the force of impact, and it was quickly discarded. The latest novelty is the so-called "Bullet," which is having a great run abroad. It is a very small ball, but heavy in proportion, and it is said to show excellent results in practice, especially against the wind. It is asserted that the ball is artificially weighted, and if so the ball is only a revival of an old idea.

The "O.K." ball deserves a word, since it is supposed to be constructed upon strictly scientific principles. In this ball the circumference is heavier in proportion than the centre. As a consequent, angular momentum is increased and the ball spins faster during its flight through the air. Since the stay of the ball in the air is dependent largely upon rotation, it follows that the greater spin should result in the longer carry. The "O.K." is also a small ball in proportion to its weight, and so offers less resistance to a head-wind.

According to newspaper reports, it has been left for the American inventor to produce the final golf-ball—the ball of the future. We are informed that at a recent trial somewhere out West the inventor pitted himself against all the crack players of the club and outdrove them with ease, using only an iron putter, and that with one hand. The new ball, after making a tremendous carry, would run nearly as far again in a succession of gigantic bounds. Three hundred yards was hardly more than a half cleek-shot for this wonderful ball, and apparently the chief difficulty lay in getting it to stop at all. It is evident that if the "Kangaroo" ball is to come into general use, our courses will have to be lengthened out and the holes placed a mile or so apart. The ball itself is said to have a centre of pure rubber, around which catgut is tightly wound. There are other layers of twine and gut, and a final coating of gutta-percha. Unfortunately the ball is inclined to be very brittle, and is sure to go to pieces after three or four strokes. All of which is important, if true.

Having determined the material properties of the golf-ball, it may be interesting to look at it in action. What is it that makes a golf-ball fly through the air? I use the word "fly" advisedly, for a well-driven ball looks and behaves like a living thing. A 10-inch shell is hurled through the air; a baseball is hammered through space; but it is only the golf-ball that really flies. We have all watched and admired that inexplicable way in which it suddenly unfurls its invisible wings and proceeds to float along as though the law of gravitation had been temporarily laid off duty. Anybody can see for himself that a golf-ball stays longer in the air than we have any reason to expect; but why?

Several years ago Professor Tait of Edinburgh contributed two articles to London *Golf* on this interesting subject, and his theories seem to fit the facts with remarkable precision.

It is a matter of common observation that a well-hit ball leaves the club head at a comparatively low angle of trajectory, and then almost immediately begins to soar, as though it were entirely independent of gravitation. It floats along as though it were made of thistle-down instead of solid gutta-percha, and its path for nearly half the total range of carry is *concave upwards*.

We know by practical experiment that a well-struck golf-ball will remain in the air for as long as six seconds. Now, assuming that a non-rotating sphere is projected at an inclination of one in four and remains in the air for six seconds, it *must* (the air's resistance being as the square of the speed) attain a range *at the very least* of four hundred yards. If there were no air resistance, the range would be nearer eight hundred yards. Now no such carries are ever achieved in actual practice, and the conclusion follows that the ball which takes six seconds or so to travel must have some form of buoyancy or levitation.

Of course the longer a projectile stays in full flight, the farther will be the distance covered, and the ballooning-like propensity of the golf-ball is the means by which it is enabled to defy the deadly pull of gravitation. The ball must have time in which to travel. Having determined the value of this featherlike buoyancy of the well-hit golf-ball, we naturally wish to know how it is produced. Professor Tait says it depends entirely upon the speed of the ball's rotation, but this rotation must be the result of direct underspin. Without underspin a ball to carry 250 yards would have to leave the club head at a velocity somewhat greater than that of sound. It is easy enough to put the wrong kind of spin upon the ball, but then, instead of a good, we achieve a marvellously bad drive. A poor drive may be sliced or heeled or topped, the consequent deflection being to the right, to the left, or downward. A good drive is undercut *only*, and as there are three chances to one against our putting on the right kind of spin, it is not so remarkable that the bad drives should outnumber the good ones. It is rotation, then, that produces deflection from the true line of flight, and that this is often considerable may be shown by watching the course of a badly sliced ball. Professor Tait has calculated that a ball driven off an elevation of one in four, with such speed as to carry 136 yards *if not rotating*, would carry 180 yards if, other things being equal, it had underspin of only half the rapidity of that due to ordinary slicing. "Hence," concludes the professor, "the problem of long carry is much more a question of underspin than of anything else. It is the 'raking' drive that gives the longest carry."

Professor Tait subsequently confirmed the truth of his theories by a series of practical experiments. A ball attached to a long piece of untwisted tape was repeatedly driven into a mass of clay at a short measured distance, and as a result the tape was invariably found to be twisted, and in such a manner as to indicate underspin. It was also shown that clubs with rough striking surfaces gave a perceptible increase of rotation to the ball; and, indeed, every player knows by experience that his driver heads must occasionally be roughened up in order that they may get a grip upon the "gutty."

The mathematical problems entering into the flight of the golf-ball are really very complicated, but we can at least understand that the ball rotates in the air, and that this rotation is set up by the impingement of the club head upon the surface of the ball. Here comes in the efficacy of the lines, or mouldings. The ordinary idea seems to be that it is the resistance of the air, acting upon these lines, that causes the sphere to revolve. This is entirely erroneous: the spin is imparted by the club alone, and the markings simply assist it in getting hold of the ball.

The practical deduction from all this seems to be that underspin is necessary in good driving, and that to put it on, the ball must be struck a trifle below the belt and with a free follow-on, after the fashion of the draw-shot at billiards. If the cue is checked from going freely through, the amount of "draw" is perceptibly reduced; and the same is true of golf-ball and play club. Finally, the run of a topped ball is long, as compared with its carry, and this is due to its overspin, which takes marked effect at the instant of impact with the ground. Conversely, a ball with underspin will be retarded upon reaching the ground, but the loss is very slight, and carry is much more important than roll.

VAN TASSEL SUTPHEN.

DISSOLUTION of the old triangular league, comprising Amherst, Dartmouth, and Williams, has been the chief outcome of the winter season of amateur diplomacy among the minor New England colleges.

The league had maintained itself for so many years, and with such a degree of success, that many will view its demise with regret. Nevertheless, if I mistake not, there can be found plenty of men who have played upon the various teams of the three colleges during the past fifteen years, who will insist that this dissolution, far from being unaccountable, is both natural and commendable. Repeatedly it has seemed the triangle was ill balanced, especially in football, and it is even more evident that its affairs have from time to time given occasion not only for some temporary friction, but also for the existence of feeling more vigorous than was helpful.

However, it is especially fortunate the last step has been free from any particular bitterness, and from suggestive explanations and damaging charges. Some, to be sure, contend that Dartmouth's action in forcing the issue comes with decided ill grace after her assent, last spring, to a three years' agreement. But none appears to attach bad faith to her action.

Dartmouth, it would seem, has finally determined that she outclasses her opponents, and this conviction, coming after years of a growing belief in her superior prowess, is fittingly expressed in a frankly avowed resolve to seek more worthy game, and, incidentally, make a gamble, ethically considered, for larger stakes. She thus becomes an athletic free lance, and whether this freedom will be for her advantage remains to be seen. Certainly that character cannot long be maintained with thorough success; therefore her chief problem will be the forming of desirable athletic connections. Whether this can be done appears a trifle problematical.

DARTMOUTH it would seem can hardly hold out to Brown or Wesleyan especial advantages for a permanent league, and perhaps the circumstances which tend to make Williams and Amherst quite willing to part with Dartmouth will tend to operate against satisfying association with the more remote colleges. The comparative inaccessibility of Hanover presents a difficulty which must be reckoned with, and it is extremely doubtful if a reciprocal arrangement of much permanence can be effected with any college at a distance.

This practical difficulty has always put Dartmouth at a disadvantage, and it will continue to do so. Sufficient reasons are patent why Amherst and Williams feel not grievously disappointed at Dartmouth's rather peremptory announcement of an intention to lift herself by her boot-straps into a higher realm of athletics. For years the two Massachusetts colleges have been displeased—and quite rightly so—by Dartmouth's persistent adherence to her time-honored policy of playing the older men of her graduate departments, especially the Medical School—a policy which has put her strictly collegiate competitors at a distinct disadvantage. Dartmouth men have always enjoyed a liberal supply of "beef" on her elevens.

The great possibilities, apparently, for special work at Hanover have made it a quite normal thing for Dartmouth to have on her teams men of years not tender, and on occasions to retain especially desirable players for generous periods.

Sportsmen are thankful that the withdrawal of Dartmouth has not been accompanied by any unpleasant features, such as might have been expected. It is thoroughly gratifying that even hints at professionalism are rare, and that the general New England tone seems to be one of respectability and honor.

EXCEPT in the matter of the "summer-nine" baseball-player, the rules governing sport at Williams, Amherst, and Dartmouth seem to have kept pace with the general reform movement, and are, on the whole, fairly satisfactory, though Dartmouth, in the matter of scholarship standard, appears somewhat too indefinite in ruling to meet the requirements of the day.

Each has a one year's residence rule to be enforced upon athletes coming from another college. At Amherst a man may carry one condition and remain on an athletic team; at Williams, one condition disqualifies him until it is made up; at Dartmouth, the ruling declares a student must keep in "full standing" to be eligible. What "full standing" is, the rule fails to state.

There is considerable confusion, too, as to the actual number of years a man may play and be eligible to the teams of these colleges. Four years appears at each to be the number he may represent any one of the three; but Williams takes no account of how many he may have played previously on another college team; Dartmouth limits the number to four; and Amherst is the only one to deduct from the four years' team membership she permits her athletes the time they have played on another college team. Amherst is the only one with the proper ruling, in other words.

ALL three fall short of the modern movement in permitting an athlete not advanced with his class to continue in athletics until the four years' playing-limit has been reached. In short, a man might enter the Freshman class, be dropped each year, play four years of football, and still be a Freshman.

No provision is made against summer-nine baseball-playing, except where the athletes are paid money; and even then these sins have been viewed most leniently. Some new and much-needed rules are to be made on this feature. At present a student of any one of these three New England colleges may, during vacation, barter his baseball skill for a summer's board and lodging, and still be eligible. Indeed, one of the faculty members of one of these colleges writes me frankly, "We ignore the whole business, as several men thus earn a large part of their next year's living."

There is an honest confession for you! All the same, this identical college has justly experienced the inevitable revulsion of feeling to "summer-nine" playing, and is in consequence now busily engaged framing the needed protective rules.

STRANGE it is what ignorance of the ethics of amateur sport comes to light every now and again in localities and among men whom one naturally would consider enlightened. In commenting, some weeks ago, on the character of club football elevens in the Middle West, and remembering that last year the team had played a man now a professional boxer, I classed the Akron Athletic Club eleven with those of the Duquesne and Pittsburg athletic clubs. I am pleased to say that the comparison was unjust to the Akron club team, which in the main was composed of men of respectable and, in many cases, prominent local families, and all of whom were engaged in business, and did not neglect it for football. The presence of the professional boxer last year, and the knowledge that one man had been paid (and therefore professionalized) for the time he lost from the factory where he was employed, misled me as to the character of the others.

But the point of this recital follows. While looking up the Akron club, one of its local sponsors wrote me: "The boys merely formed themselves into an association, elected a manager, secretary, and treasurer. *Of course, had they made anything, they would have divided* [italics mine, C. W.], but as it was the other way, they had to make up the deficit."

In other words, had the club made money, every member of the team would have received his share and become a professional. As it is, the Akron club, organized merely by the players, and practically playing for gate receipts, is an offence against the ethics of amateur sport. There are a number of little clubs throughout parts of the West, organized similarly, that would undoubtedly resent being called professional—and yet that is precisely what they become by dividing gate receipts. So also does a man become a professional when he is paid for time lost from his work. If he cannot afford to lose the time from his factory or business, whatever it may be, he cannot afford to play football.

I hope Akron and vicinity will consider carefully what is here written, and not again depart from the canons of amateur sport.

WHAT with the Inter-collegiate Rowing Association, composed of Cornell, Columbia, and Pennsylvania, and the recently organized Poughkeepsie Highland Amateur Rowing Association, composed of the West Shore Railway officials and merchants of Poughkeepsie, it looks as if their race on the Hudson next June would not be lacking management or advertisement This is one way of conducting college boat-racing. I confess to believing it not the best way.

If any further reason for preferring New London was needed, the multiplication of regatta officials on the Hudson supplies it. "Management" and advertisement are precisely what university boating does not want. When Cornell, Columbia, Pennsylvania, and their managers, the Messrs. R. R. officials and Poughkeepsie merchants, have a season or two experience in boat-race-booming, the college men will arrive at the same conclusion.

CASPAR WHITNEY.

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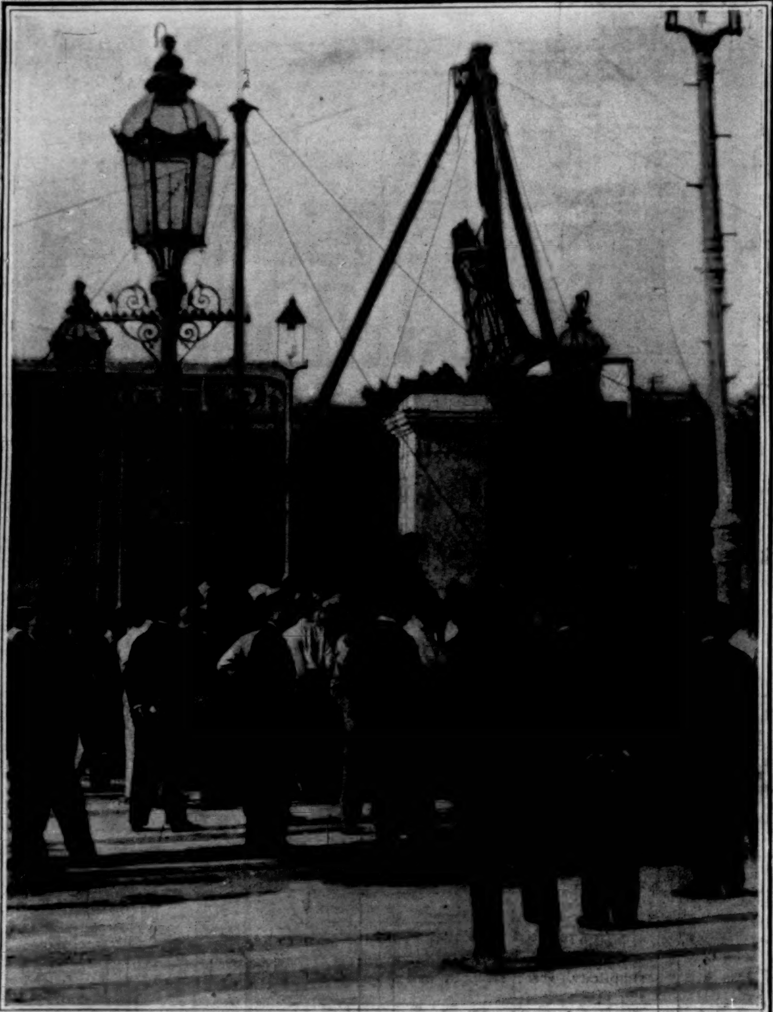

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By John F. Bass, Special Correspondent of "Harper's Weekly"

BLOCK-HOUSE BATTLE OF MANILA—(*Continued*).

MANILA, *February 9, 1899*.

At the beginning of the fight all the Spanish block-houses north of the Pasig River, that originally formed the Spanish line of defence against the insurgents on the north side of the city, were in the hands of the insurgents, with the exception of block-house No. 8,* which lay unoccupied next to the Nebraska camp, near the river. The San Juan stream empties into the Pasig just above this block-house. Block-house No. 7 lies a few hundred yards north of the San Juan bridge. In my last letter, on the taking of the hill of San Juan del Monte, I told how Colorado and Nebraska took block-house No. 7. The succession of block-houses Nos. 6, 5, 4, and 3, about one kilometre apart, extended north towards the bay. Two Utah guns, under Captain Wedgewood, shelled these block-houses early on Sunday morning, February 5, from Sampaloc Cemetery. The enemy's position was heavily intrenched along this front, and during the whole night Filipino Mausers had played upon our lines. After Captain Wedgewood had shelled the three block-houses, the Colorado and South Dakota regiments charged the enemy's position, and driving the Filipinos from earth-works and block-houses, picked them off as they fled back into the country. It was a great chance for the American sharpshooter, and he made the most of it. At 9.30 Sunday morning the Americans had possession of the insurgent line from San Juan bridge to block-house No. 4, a distance of two miles. The hill of San Juan del Monte on the right was still untaken. How Nebraska and Tennessee took this hill I have already told, but on the left of the second division, from block-house No. 4 to the sea, lay a stretch of bad country, the taking of which was to give our forces some hard fighting.

THE CHARGE UP CEMETERY RIDGE

On the north of the city near the beach runs the Manila and Dagupan Railway, now called the Kansas and Utah Short Line. At 9.30 on Saturday night, February 4, the Twentieth Kansas moved along the turnpike near the railway for three-quarters of a mile beyond our line. They met with a stubborn resistance from the enemy, who, charging them six times, came within one hundred yards of their firing-line. But the Kansas regiment, with one gun of Battery B, Utah, drove the enemy at every point.

After the taking of block-houses Nos. 4, 5, and 6 on the north of the city, the main object of the attack on Sunday morning was Binondo church on Cemetery Ridge. From our lines to this position there stretched up hill about two miles of broken country sparsely dotted with nipa huts and groves of trees. Towards the top of the ridge was a great cemetery, with the Chinese church at one corner and the Binondo church at the upper end. This cemetery was cut into sections by barbed-wire fences. When the advance began on Sunday morning the line ran as follows: first came Kansas near the shore, next the Third Artillery acting as infantry, beyond them Montana, Pennsylvania, and South Dakota. The whole line went forward at the same time. Kansas through the continuous village along the road to Caloocan. The Third Artillery, moving along three dikes with swamps on either side, found themselves in a regular cul-de-sac, out of which they got as soon as possible, with the loss of twenty-five men. They came out practically in battle-line. Although to either side of them our men were shooting heavily, they had not fired a single shot up to that moment. Indeed, the Third Artillery was so well under the control of its officers that not a shot was fired by them during the entire day except on command, and then Major Kobbé made use of volleys only. The wisdom of this order was apparent as soon as the Third Artillery came out from the jungle into the open. On a little elevation to their right lay the Chinese church, whose walls were lined with insurgents firing down upon the Montana and Pennsylvania regiments in a hollow still farther to the right. One battery under Lieutenant Kesler fired volleys at the church, and that, combined with the shells of Captain Grant, Utah Battery B, so demoralized the enemy that they deserted the Chinese church, and flying up the hill, made their last stand on Cemetery Ridge, where is Binondo church. Captain O'Hara, Third Artillery, who does not know when he is in danger, led his men up the hill in full view of everybody, as if they were marching up Broadway, and took the Chinese church at 2.30 P.M.

In the mean time Pennsylvania and Montana were in hard straits. They had fought their way up through the Tondo district, among the houses and clumps of trees, and had at last reached an open field beyond which lay the steeper incline of the Chinese cemetery with its barbed-wire and its impeding graves and head-stones. On their left from the elevation of the Chinese church a strong body of insurgents threw a flanking fire into them. In front, from strong redoubts and from Binondo church, an uninterrupted hail of bullets barred their way. At 2.30 the Third Artillery had taken the Chinese church and thus relieved their position somewhat; but it remained to South Dakota to clear the way, by closing in on the right and taking the insurgent redoubts on Cemetery Ridge. This Colonel Frost, South Dakota, did a little after 3 P.M. Then at the head of his regiment he charged up the final slope to the right of Binondo church, while a portion of Pennsylvania, led by Colonel Hawkins and Major Bell, forced their way through the wretched barbed-wire fences of the cemetery, and came up to Binondo church just after South Dakota reached that place. The Utah guns of Battery B, under Captain Grant and Lieutenant Critchlow, during this attack, had advanced along the winding road of the cemetery, amidst the hottest of the fire, stopping from time to time to shell the enemy's position. About 4.30 P.M. Cemetery Ridge was ours, and the light uniforms of the insurgents could be seen scattering over the plain ahead like frightened flocks of grouse. Over the ridge after them went the Third Artillery, and following them the rest of our line, with a shout and a hurrah. The Indians were stampeded, and this sort of hunting was too good sport for our men to stop immediately. Down into the plain they went, and would have gone to Caloocan, were it not that orders came from General MacArthur's headquarters to stop. It would not do for us to spread out our lines too far. The fight for Cemetery Ridge had been a splendid display of American dash.

As for Kansas, they fought their way straight along the Caloocan road. Swamps and jungles barred the passage. Great thorns and trailing vines tore their clothing and tripped them up. It was as if nature had taken sides with the insurgents. But those fellows from Kansas, under Colonel Funston, did not seem to mind it much. They kept right ahead, and nothing could live before the terrific fire of their old Springfields. From what I saw of Sunday's fighting I should say that the reason our losses were not greater was that our uninterrupted fire kept the insurgents down behind their breastworks, and when they fired they did not dare to stand up and take good aim, but were apt to shoot high in the air.

WITH THE FIRST (ANDERSON'S) DIVISION.

Undoubtedly the insurgents were surprised at our aggressive tactics. The patient endurance of both our generals and our soldiers through long months of petty annoyances and insults had been put down by the insurgents to cowardice on our part. They had long since been used to the defensive fighting of the Spaniard. They were far better armed than they had ever been before, and opposed, as they thought, to an inferior enemy. They expected to carry our positions by storm. Nevertheless, with the racial cunning of the Malays, the insurgent leaders used a feint in attacking Manila. During Saturday night it was noticeable that while the whole insurgent line at the north of the city charged the positions of the Second Division, the First Division, south of Manila, was left entirely unmolested. The idea was that the fierceness of their attack would force us to draw nearly all of our troops from Anderson's Division to re-enforce General MacArthur's line. It never occurred to Aguinaldo and his followers that the Second Division would not only be able to hold its own, but by magnificent charges would drive the insurgent army before them. On Sunday morning, therefore, the insurgents in force, estimated at six thousand, made a furious attack all along the line of the First Division, and especially against the Fourteenth Infantry, near block-house No. 14.

BLOODY LANE

There is a road leading past Singalon church and block-house No. 14 one stretch of which is called by the Spaniards Bloody Lane, on account of the large number of soldiers killed there in fighting the insurgents. On the 13th of last August, when our troops entered Manila, it was at this point that nearly all our losses occurred. An impenetrable jungle on either side makes any advance except by road nearly impossible. Again, on February 5, we found that the Spaniards had named the spot well, for the fighting here was the fiercest of the day. The *Monterey* shelled the insurgent trenches uninterruptedly; a battery of Sixth Artillery drove shell after shell at the enemy; but still the Filipinos, in their deep earth-works, held their ground. It was only by the fearless charges of our infantry that we succeeded in dislodging them. At 7.30 the American forces opened fire all along the brigade. At 10 orders came to charge and take the positions of the enemy, who were then in the old Spanish intrenchments. The North Dakota regiment and one battalion of the Fourteenth Infantry had open ground to cross, and found little difficulty; but the second battalion, opposite block-house No. 14, went through a tangle of bamboo and thorn-bushes. The fire of the enemy was very heavy, and the whole of the two companies under Captain Murphy, which advanced, must have been swept out of existence had the Filipinos known how to shoot. As it was, six killed and eleven wounded lay about block-house No. 14. Lieutenant Mitchell, in the lead, was mortally wounded while taking his men straight down Bloody Lane, for the tangle was too thick to charge effectively through the jungle. Those who were near him say that he stood a moment before falling, and exclaimed,

"Never mind me; go ahead!"

Lieutenant Miles then took the lead with Company M and part of Company I. The whole distance to be traversed from our original position was only two hundred yards. That the two companies got through Bloody Lane under the concentrated fire along this lane seems incredible. At fifty yards from the block-house the fire of the enemy was so fearful that Lieutenant Miles called for volunteers. Eight men sprang forward, and with the lieutenant at their head, rushed the block-house. It was literally true that the insurgents went out as he came in. During the charge there were many narrow escapes. A bullet passed through the hat of Lieutenant Miles, and a sergeant was hit five times. Three bullets passed through his clothing, one carried away the magazine of his rifle, and another took off one of his fingers. This charge had not lasted more than twenty minutes, and the whole of General Ovenshine's brigade had carried the first position of the enemy in the old Spanish trenches. But fifty yards beyond were some new trenches, deeper and stronger than those already taken by the Americans.

This was a time, as Captain Murphy afterwards said, when no one knew the time, but approximately it was 10.30 in the morning. A road lay between the new American position and the second line of insurgent trenches. To cross this road meant the loss of many men. Rather than suffer this loss, one gun of the Sixth Artillery was brought up to pound the insurgents into submission, but even the *Monterey* and the Sixth Artillery, dropping shell after shell in among the insurgents, did not succeed in dislodging them. At 12 o'clock new orders came. The whole of the right wing of General Ovenshine's brigade was to swing in a pivot movement against the flank of the obstinate enemy facing Captain Murphy's battalion. The nature of the ground rendered this operation particularly difficult. Under a severe fire the men had to cross a swamp where the water in places reached to their waists. This time, with infantry fire in front and on the side, the insurgents found their trenches untenable, and the flanking party, when they came out of the jungle to the Pasay road, saw the last Filipinos disappearing in the distance. The Fourteenth Infantry in this fight lost twelve men killed and one officer, and thirty-four men wounded. Too much praise cannot be given for the splendid way in which officers and men charged. To understand it thoroughly one must have gone over the ground. Fallen trees, over which one stumbles, are scattered through the bush. Long thorns catch and hold one fast. Mud-holes and swamps break the uniformity of this jungle. Apparently our flanking movement was not only unexpected, but an entirely new military method to the insurgents, for they ran and did not stop until they had reached Paranaque, four miles to the south. In the mean time the second brigade of General Anderson's division was meeting with equal success, if not with such stubborn resistance.

THE CHARGE ON SANTA ANA AND SAN PEDRO MACATI

From General Anderson's headquarters on Artillery Knoll he could personally see and direct all the movements of General King's brigade. Our lines ran along the bank of the Tripa stream for two miles. On the other side of this stream a perfectly open plain led up to the insurgent position at the English cemetery near San Pedro Macati. To the left, on the banks of the Pasig River, lay Santa Ana, also in the hands of the insurgents. Between Santa Ana and our own lines the enemy were strongly intrenched, and on the north, to our left, they were flanked by the Pasig River. Here they had two Krupp guns, which, however, were of little use to them, as they only succeeded in firing them twice. Near these guns was a strong bastion fort, from which the insurgents made a good fight. Lieutenant Hawthorn's battery of Sixth Artillery was stationed near block-house No. 11 with the old Astor Battery guns, and Captain Dyer, in charge of another battery of Sixth Artillery, was at headquarters on Artillery Knoll. Our artillery was immediately in the rear of our first line along the Tripa stream. The line of infantry at this point ran as follows: Next to the Pasig River, on the north, was the Idaho regiment; then came Washington and two companies of California, while four companies of Wyoming and one of California were in reserve, but soon joined in the fight. There was in front of our position, running up to San Pedro Macati, 18,000 yards of open rice-fields. These paddy-fields with their ridges proved excellent ground to advance over, since the men could halt and lie down behind the ridges, which furnished enough protection for a momentary stop. At about 8 A.M. General Anderson gave the order to advance. The men waded through Tripa stream and came out into the open ground. Then from the stone walls, the English church-yard, and from these earth-works in our front, and from Santa Ana, and from strong earth-works to the left front, came a driving storm of insurgent bullets. These nearly all went high. As it was, our serious losses occurred before we really got started. There were many Remingtons among the enemy, and the smoke from these revealed their position. Immediately our batteries opened fire. It was a beautiful sight to see the artillery shelling over the heads of our advancing troops, and Captain Dyer, who at home ranks as an expert on the theory of artillery, showed that practice and theory, in his case at least, go hand in hand. He was handicapped, however, by lack of horses. The brunt of the fighting fell, as usual, on the infantry. The Washingtons swam an estuary under fire, and California advanced so rapidly that they got into Santa Ana in time to cut off the retreat of the insurgents between there and our line. Idaho stormed the bastion fort, while California poured their fire in from the side. In this fort alone the insurgents lost about one hundred men. Our movement at this point was a flanking one, which to the insurgents here also was as deadly as it was new. Those that were not shot down were driven into the river. One hundred of them tried to swim across, but only twenty succeeded in reaching the other side.

The charge did not stop here, but with a splendid rush our soldiers went on to San Pedro Macati. In front of this village there is a hill, and the insurgents threatened to make a stand there. Our loss in storming this position must have been much greater had it not been for Captain Haan and his Company A of the engineer corps. All of these men knew the country well, for before they entered Manila on August 13 they had gone over the ground more or less to draw maps. Captain Haan led his men to the right, and reached the ridge above San Pedro Macati in time to pour down on the insurgents a flanking fire. After the fight Colonel Smith, than whom there is not a better regimental commander in the volunteer service, threw his arms about Captain Haan and exclaimed,

"You're the sort of a man I like."

At ten o'clock the infantry of General King's brigade of the first division were in possession of San Pedro Macati. It took them just three hours to clear the insurgents out of three miles of territory and take two important villages. For such magnificent work it would be unfair to praise any individual. Suffice it to repeat General King's own words:

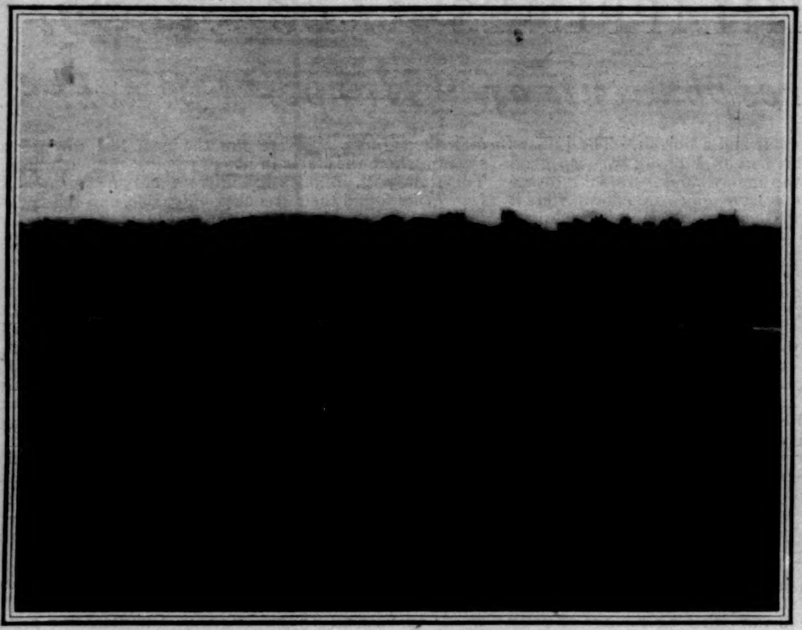
"As to my volunteer brigade, their enthusiasm and spirit were fine to see."

This battle about Manila I have called Block-house Battle, because the fighting-ground exactly corresponded to the long line of old Spanish block-houses, fifteen in number, circling the city of Manila. The success of our army was universal. In the first division General King's brigade, starting at block-houses Nos. 11, 12, and 13, swept the enemy before it, just as the tempest drives along a lightly laden ship. General Ovenshine's brigade, meeting with severe resistance, fought five hours for the possession of a few hundred yards of country, but finally drove the enemy for miles back into the country.

In General MacArthur's division the success was even greater. General Hale's brigade took block-houses Nos.

* See map of Manila and its defences, page 270, HARPER'S WEEKLY, March 18, 1899.

San Juan Bridge.



SAN JUAN HILL, WITH RESERVOIR ON TOP, FROM SANTA MESA.

The two White Spots just in front of House mark the Gun-pits.

LIEUTENANT WEBB'S TWO MASKED GUNS OF BATTERY A, UTAH ARTILLERY, AT SANTA MESA.

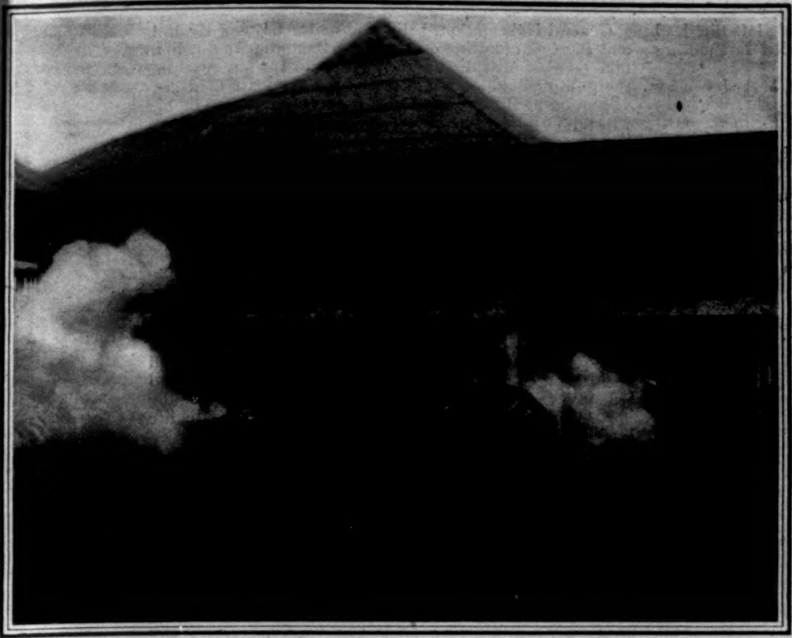
THE MONTANA REGIMENT WAITING THE ORDER TO ADVANCE ON CALOOCAN.

GROUND OVER WHICH THE MONTANA TROOPS ADVANCED ON CALOOCAN—DEAD AMERICAN SOLDIERS IN THE FOREGROUND.

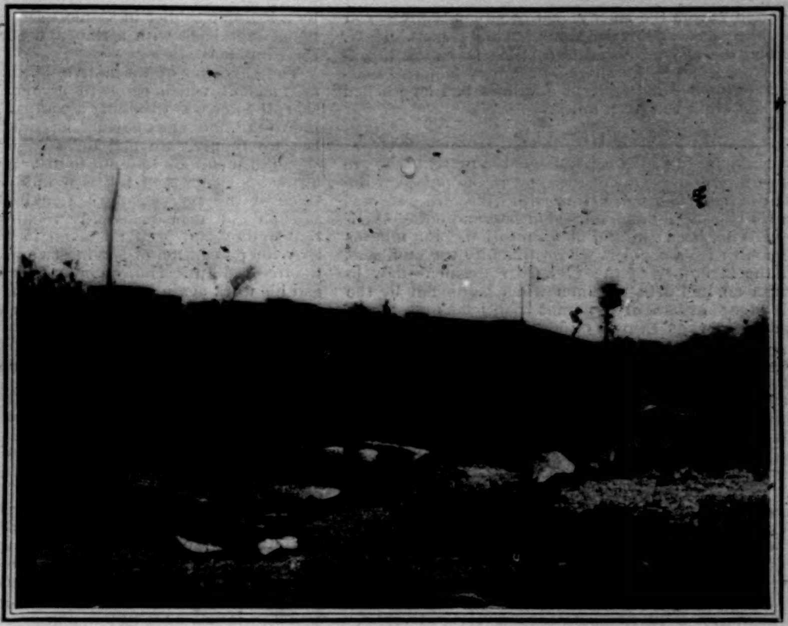
DEAD INSURGENT OFFICER AND SOLDIER ON THE ROAD TO SAN PEDRO MACATI, AFTER THE CHARGE OF GEN. KING'S BRIGADE.

MANILA—WITH THE AMERICAN BAT

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LIEUTENANT C. F. O'KEEFE, PHOTOGRAPH DEPARTMEN

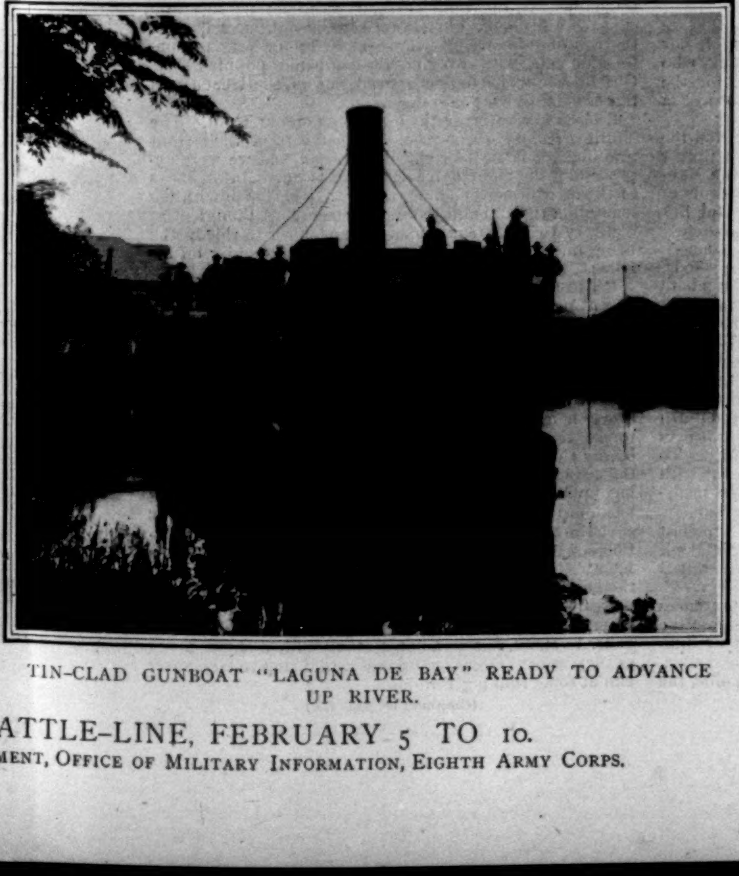


SANTA MESA—LIEUTENANT WEBB WATCHING THE EFFECT OF A SHELL ON SAN JUAN BRIDGE.

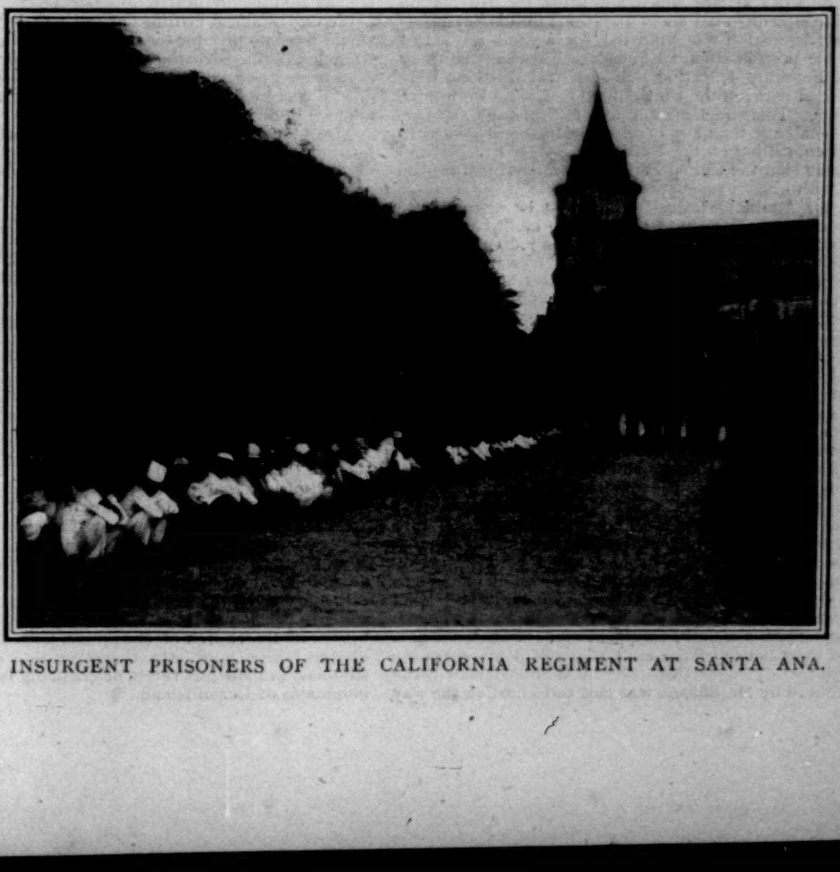


SAN JUAN BRIDGE, SHOWING EFFECT OF BOMBARDMENT BY UTAH ARTILLERY.

THE ADVANCE ON CALOOCAN—ON THE FIRING-LINE OF THE KANSAS VOLUNTEERS.



TIN-CLAD GUNBOAT "LAGUNA DE BAY" READY TO ADVANCE UP RIVER.



INSURGENT PRISONERS OF THE CALIFORNIA REGIMENT AT SANTA ANA.

BATTLE-LINE, FEBRUARY 5 TO 10.

RTMENT, OFFICE OF MILITARY INFORMATION, EIGHTH ARMY CORPS.

4, 5, 6, and 7 from the enemy, and occupied the reservoir on the hill of San Juan del Monte; while General H. G. Otis's brigade shoved ahead two miles, and took block-houses Nos. 1 and 2, the latter on the now famous Cemetery Ridge. On Sunday night our lines had lengthened from about eight to fifteen miles.

IN THE CITY

There are men on such occasions as the present who are apt to be forgotten. One of these sat in the palace at the end of the telegraph wires from both divisions. He was a man who has been much abused of late, and undeservedly so. His has been a most difficult position. For months he has dealt with a problem whose difficulty was sufficient to tax the ingenuity of the greatest statesmen—how to deal with an incipient rebellion when hampered by the contradictory orders of ignorant politicians at home. General Otis, when thrown on his own resources by the rush of unforeseen events, proved his ability to master the situation here. Next there was General Hughes, who had to look after the enemy among us in the city. It is now understood that an uprising of the natives in Manila had been ordered by the Filipino government. With the Thirteenth Minnesota and the First Oregon General Hughes kept order in the great circle within our lines. Wherever Filipinos attempted to gather they were shot down. There was in the city an insurgent army on paper, composed of officers and companies. This army did not have a chance to assemble. In reserve to meet any emergency which might arise General Hughes held the flower of the army of the Philippines, the Twenty-third United States Infantry.

The enemy in town did succeed in doing some harm. A few of them shot at all passers-by from houses and churches, but were quickly dislodged. At ten o'clock, just back of General King's brigade, a lot of insurgent sharpshooters got into Paco church, and shot at ambulances and provision and ammunition carts on their way to and from the front. One company of Washington was sent to dislodge these insurgents, but found they could not do so without great loss of life. Captain Dyer was obliged to turn his artillery upon the church, which soon caught fire. Even after the church was burning the insurgents stuck it out in the tower, and again the artillery had to turn its attention to them, this time destroying the tower.

From a military point of view, the chief thing to be noticed in the Block-house Battle was the splendid charging of our troops. The artillery was greatly handicapped for want of horses. In the first division the field-artillery was obliged to remain stationary, and was practically only miniature siege-guns. In the second division the men of the Utah batteries themselves dragged their eleven field-pieces about. I myself saw the men of Battery A, under Lieutenant Gibbs, dragging their guns up San Juan Hill, stop to serve them from time to time. Captain Grant in the same way dragged and served his guns for two miles back of General H. G. Otis's brigade. If the Utah men had not been an unusually hardy lot they could not have undergone the strain.

For a gray-haired rifle, the Springfield did remarkable work, and kept the insurgents well down behind their trenches. The insurgents themselves acknowledge that they are more afraid of the Springfield than of the Krag-Jörgenson, because the wounds inflicted by the Springfield are so much more severe. On the other hand, the smoke of our powder revealed our positions in every case.

As for the insurgents, they fought with courage, but, like all undisciplined troops, when once broken fled in panic. Their chief difficulty lay in their poor marksmanship. Our impetuous charges and our flanking movements were new to them and filled them with terror. The number of their dead and wounded will never be known. Up to date we have buried seven hundred natives, and we have about three hundred of them in our hospital. Their wounded do not bear pain as well as ours, neither do they rally so rapidly. Why the insurgents did not make use of any of their machine-guns I cannot understand, unless it is that they were short of ammunition.

Another important question as yet unanswered is how many of Aguinaldo's men were engaged in Sunday's fight. We captured forty thousand rounds of ammunition at Santa Ana, but beyond that we took little ammunition and few rifles. It seems that for every man that had a rifle there were two men ready to pick it up when he fell. One thing is certain, that the insurgents were almost sure of coming into town. They thought we were cowards. In the district of Binondo the police seized a large quantity of rice which was ready for distribution to the insurgent forces when they came into Manila.

That Aguinaldo was prepared for a fight is evident from the proclamation he issued to his army Saturday night, February 4, stating that peaceful relations were suspended between the United States and the Philippine republic. This proclamation was followed by another, more bombastic than any of his proclamations have hitherto been, calling on the Philippine people to fight, and declaring that the United States government had broken faith with him.

As for Aguinaldo's declarations that he was going to carry on war according to the rules of civilized nations, it is proved false by every act of his army. On the road to Caloocan, a Filipino officer came forward under a white flag, and when we went out to meet him the whole Filipino line blazed away at our men. The Filipino officer expressed his deep regret that his countrymen were savages and did not understand the rules of war. This I believe to be true. The "red cross" was as a red flag to a bull rather than a badge for protection. The evidence of Chaplain Pierce, a member of General MacArthur's staff, is interesting on this point. Early in the day the chaplain pulled off his red cross and buckled on his revolver. He says that while attending the sick at the provisional hospital at Singalon he was shot at at least fifty times by sharpshooters. The surgeons were fired upon repeatedly. Not a litter bearing the wounded reached Singalon church without being followed by a shower of bullets. Every ambulance to which the wounded were transferred was made a target by Filipino soldiers. A soldier seated beside a driver on an ambulance was picked off and killed. Had the insurgents been good marksmen, not a wounded man would have escaped. These incidents were not accidents, for the sharpshooters bided their time, and the appearance of a litter was the signal for a general fusillade. A wounded man being brought in by Dr. Shields was shot and killed on the way by a Filipino soldier in a tree. Dr. Shields left the dead man, went back with a rifle, and succeeded in shooting the Filipino.

The character of the native fighting is best shown by an incident which came to my notice. An insurgent sharpshooter was troubling a company of our men. Owing to the smokeless powder, he could not be located. At last we thought we had detected him in a tree, and a squad of men were sent out to dislodge him. On arriving at the spot, our men found a hut near the tree, but no trace of the sharpshooter. Looking into the hut, they saw an old man peacefully rocking a baby to sleep. Surely they had been mistaken in the spot. Still, they took the precaution of leaving two men in the brush near the tree and hut. Half an hour later the sharpshooter began his work again, and the two men in hiding, firing up into the tree, brought down the man who had been rocking the baby to sleep.

THE ADVANCE ON THE WATER-WORKS

February 10.

During the past months of inaction there has been one bugbear which has worried everybody in Manila. What would become of us if the insurgents should destroy the water-works? That they did not destroy either the reservoirs or pumping-station, even after hostilities began, is one of the mysteries which will never be explained. Perhaps they realized that to cut off the water-supply of Manila would injure their own people as well as our army. The reason why General Otis had not taken the water-works before the battle of February 5 was that to take them would have brought on an immediate conflict with the insurgents, which was against the positive instructions from Washington—"Do nothing to bring on a conflict with the insurgents."

How galling to American pride this enforced attitude of the Manila government has been can only be understood by those who had to submit to growing insurgent arrogance.

At noon on February 5 Colonel Statsenburgh sent a message to headquarters saying that he would move on the water-works at Santolan, four and one-half miles distant, and take possession if he could have two extra companies under his command. It was thought better, however, not to move that day. At about half past one Monday afternoon two 3.2-inch and two Nordenfeldt 3-inch guns, under the command of Major Young, Utah Battery B, started with one battalion of the Nebraska and one of the Colorado regiment for the pumping-station, under command of General Hale.

On our right, over an uneven and thickly wooded country dotted with houses, a battalion of the Tennessee regiment moved along parallel with our line, sweeping the country of insurgents. On our left a battalion of the Twenty-third Infantry marched up the road to Mariquina, two miles north of the pumping-station, on the river Mateo. Thus for four miles out a large tract of country was traversed by our troops.

The advance was made as follows: In our front a thin line of skirmishers stretched out on both sides at right angles to the road for about a mile, while the four guns were dragged by the men of Battery A up and down from hill to hill along the rough highway. We saw the insurgents gathered on the second ridge, and our guns stopped to throw a few shells among them. These shells effectually scattered the enemy. In this manner our advance continued for the first three miles. It was a beautiful sight to see our long line of skirmishers moving slowly over the hills, disappearing in gullies and brush, to reappear again further on. The artillery, after the German fashion, kept along almost on the firing-line.

About one mile out we ran across the horse of Dr. Young, who, early that morning, had ridden through the lines under the mistaken idea that the pumping-station was already in our possession. None of our advance posts stopped him, supposing that he knew what he was about. The doctor, who had received his commission of captain-doctor only two days before, was originally a sergeant in the Utah battery. Through this wretched mistake he rode to his death. His horse was wounded in the fore leg. Further along we found the doctor's body, stripped of clothing, with two wounds, one through the chest and arm, the other through the forehead. About the wound in the forehead was a burned powder mark, showing that the shot had been fired at close quarters. Near him lay twelve empty American revolver cartridges. He had sold his life dearly.

We moved along, gritting our teeth, and feeling that we would have no pity for the savages who finished off our wounded in this barbarous way. To Major Young, who commanded our artillery, the blow was severe, for the doctor was his cousin, and the major had also lost a nephew in Sunday's fight.

About a mile and a half from the pumping-station the insurgents developed a strong fire from a piece of timber on our left. We could hear the sharp crack of the Mausers, but only a few Remingtons gave out light puffs of smoke to show where the shooting came from. Our line of skirmishers turned a little to the left and gradually worked up on the enemy, while our four guns wheeled into position and threw shells into the edge of the woods. As we moved on again, the bullets began dropping about the road and whistling nearer our ears than was agreeable. The men on the guide-ropes quickened their pace and galloped down the hill. The guns rumbled heavily over the uneven road. Pop, pop, pop, followed by a volley, came from our left. On the top of the next hill we stopped again to shell the enemy, who were moving back. Now we could see white figures skirting the brush along the edge of the wood. Our line of skirmishers was close upon them and forcing them back rapidly. To the left, the Colorado line had a little work to do, but with the aid of our four guns quickly dispersed those insurgents who showed any disposition to hold their ground.

On the road ahead, at the crest of the next hill—the last one between us and our goal—a few figures had gathered. A shell or two soon sent them on their way, and we trotted down hill and up to the last ridge.

Below us lay the pumping-station, to all appearances still intact. Beyond and amid a grove of trees rose the towers of the church of Mariquina, surrounded by hundreds of nipa huts. On the other side of the valley, stretched in indistinct ridges of gradually fading blue, the mountains of Luzon Island.

General Hale stationed the guns on the brow of the hill, and the Colorado line on the right was ordered down to take possession of the water-works. Just before reaching the pumping-station some invisible insurgents fired heavily upon us from beyond our lines on the left. The big water-pipe afforded us protection, and in safety we reached the engine-house with its surrounding houses. Here everything was in order. Doors were locked and apparently no harm had been done. But in the engine-room the quick eye of Lieutenant Connor, who is in charge of the water-works of Manila, discovered that something was wrong. The cylinder heads had been removed, and some of the piston-rods. We hunted everywhere in vain. We even looked along the river-bank, but found no sign of the missing parts. Later both the cylinder heads and the pistons were found hidden in the coal. This attempt at concealment seemed almost childish. Had the insurgents destroyed the works, they might have made Manila a very unhealthy place for our troops. It almost seemed as if the insurgents expected to enter Manila, and preserved the water-works for their own future use. As it was, the few days that the city went without water made life uncomfortable.

THE TAKING OF CALOOCAN

February 11.

A few days before the taking of Caloocan, which lay in front of the extreme left of General MacArthur's Division, we saw many train-loads of insurgents land at the station in Caloocan, two miles in our front. This showed that Aguinaldo was concentrating his forces at this point. After the battle General Otis told me that for several days the insurgent bolomen had been coming down river secretly, and had gathered back of General MacArthur's Division. The danger was evident, for if we left the enemy time to prepare both in our front and our rear, the damage done to this Division might be very serious. In order to clear the insurgents from our front at least, General Otis ordered the attack on Caloocan at 1 P.M., Friday, February 10.

It was said that Caloocan was an insurgent stronghold, and certainly we had seen natives at work for several days digging trenches on every side of the town. The *Monadnock* opened the day by shelling the town, and the four Utah guns of Battery B, under Captain Grant and Lieutenant Critchlow, followed suit. Caloocan lies in a grove of trees which extends along the shore in a narrow strip to Manila. Through this wood the Twentieth Kansas had to advance, while beyond the wood were open rice-fields leading from the centre and right of the brigade of General H. G. Otis to the line of wood at Caloocan. Here the Montana Infantry and Third Artillery were to move forward.

It was like a great Fourth of July to hear the distant boom of the guns of the *Monadnock*, and the rushing shells cutting through the woods until they exploded with a thundering roar. Our field-pieces from Cemetery Ridge made less noise, but certainly did effective work.

A wooded ravine ran at right angles from the right of our lines for three-quarters of a mile into the open rice-fields. At the end of the ravine, Major Bell, commanding one company of Montana volunteers, was stationed to protect the right, while the rest of the brigade advanced.

At last the three signal shots were fired, and Kansas started through the wood for Caloocan. Their Springfields roared incessantly, and dominated the lesser explosion of the enemy's Mausers. I advanced with the Montana along the edge of the wood, the Third Artillery on our right. At first the bullets were few and far between, but soon they began to zip past and kick up the dust about us in an unpleasant way. We advanced by rushes, often covering as much as one hundred yards at a time. Then we lay down along the irrigating-dikes of the paddy-fields, which afforded excellent protection, and banged away in the direction of the enemy. From left to right, keeping up with the Kansas in the wood, one company after another would rise from the ground and rush forward, while the rest of the line fired. I could see on our right, half a mile off, Major Kobbé, Third Artillery, riding behind his firing-line, swing in so as to flank the enemy. The old Springfields soon covered the plain with a line of smoke. With each breath of powder and smoke our men seemed to gain new enthusiasm. On the line of the wood, half a mile before we reached Caloocan, a bunch of some forty insurgents made a good stand in deep intrenchments. In front of their position our line was checked a little, but our advance on the right soon flanked the Filipino trench. It must have been a very uncomfortable spot, with two Montana companies popping at it. One by one white figures moved out of the trench and ran crouching back into the woods.

Kansas were driving the insurgents on our right. The Third Artillery had forced the enemy from their front into the woods on the right of Caloocan, and we were approaching the main defences of the town. Major Jones of the quartermaster's department rode his horse with the firing-line throughout the engagement. Although it is contrary to army regulations for an officer to ride in the firing-line, you could not have dragged the major off his horse.

"Those fellows can't shoot," he said; "as long as they aim at us, we are all right."

As we approached Caloocan, the bullets came thicker and thicker; but, curiously enough, as the excitement grew, the men seemed to notice the bullets less and less. It certainly was a stirring sight to see our line advancing in the open, driving the insurgents at every point, and gradually closing in on the doomed town. Just then my attention was diverted to a soldier by my side, with whom I had spoken a few words during the advance. He fell, not as we read of in books, throwing up his arms and clutching at his coat, but sinking in a limp heap. I bent over him, and found that he was shot through the head. A few steps beyond, Lieutenant-Colonel Wallace was shot through one lung. Back of us I noticed other figures lying here and there, with men of the hospital corps bending over them.

Nearer and nearer the town we came. The enemy were deserting their trenches now, and our men no longer sought cover to shoot, but scrambled along with a shout, firing as they went. Occasionally one would stop to take surer aim at some running Filipino.

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